THE

NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIV. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 41 ANN STREET. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 28.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

How often has this lovely curl
Been bound with flowers and decked with pearl—
How oft round snowy fingers twined—
How oft wooed by the amorous wind—
And, oh! how oft at midnight hour,
When slumber reigned in hall and bower,
This curl, soft-nestled like a dove,
Has heard the whispered dreams of love!

This lovely tress—this raven tress—
That oft to heart and lip I press;
I know not if it used to deck
The Parian whiteness of her neck,
Or o'er her blue-veined temple strayed,
Or on her beaming brow was laid,
Or fell upon the stainless snow
Of her young cheek—I only know
It is the loveliest of curls,
And from the loveliest of girls!

Ay, 'tis a thing to love and bless,
This little dark and shining tress;
Dark as the midnight forest's gloom,
Dark as the tempest spirit's plume,
Dark as the stern Death-Angel's seal,
But shining as the battle steel.
And she, by whom this gem was given,
Seems to my heart a thing of Heaven—
An angel dream—a gentle dove
Sent forth from God's own ark of love—
A vision come from Paradise
Awhile to gladden mortal eyes—
A star, of Heaven's own stars the pride,
Glassed in this dark world's stormy tide.

THE LOST TREASURE;

OR,

THE CHAMPION OF CASTILE.

A TALE OF SPAIN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD KNIGHT AND HIS PUPIL.

It was a bright, beautiful morning in early May, and the sun, which was just lifting its refulgent face above the stern peaks of the eastern sierras, touched with its golden beams the quiet vales of Old Castile. In the north, nestled away in a deep nook at the foot of the Cantabrian Mountains, and within the bounds of the town of Reynosa, stood a small, white cot, upon the pure walls of which the bright rays of morning streamed with a strange luster. The bleak mountains looming in the north; the broad plain sweeping away to the west, and the deep, dark wood, close at hand, upon the south and east, all looked grim and severe, while the white cot, standing boldly out to catch and flash back the sunbeams, seemed a spirit presence there, telling to the mountain, and plain, and wood, that the day-king had come.

But the cot stood not alone. Near it was a stable, built of gray stone; a summer-house, thickly covered with clustering vines; and a small chapel, with its shrine and cross. Near at hand murmured a stream of cool, limpid water, which took its rise high up among the mountains, for awhile dashing in white foam over its course of rocks, but becoming calm and peaceful ere it reached the quiet cot.

The sun had but just cleared the mountain tops when the door of the cot was thrown open, and two men came forth. He in advance leaped lightly out upon the green lawn, and his broad bosom swelled gratefully as he snuffed up the fresh, morning air. He was a young man, not over one-and-twenty, and his form and carriage gave token of the stern, strict life he had led in those northern fastnesses. He was tall and massive in frame, though not out of proportion. His arms, his shoulders, his breast, his loins, and his lower limbs, were made for each other—they could sustain each other in toil and hardship; and in the long chase, or in the fierce conflict, he held his course without a weak point. And had that head been lost upon a battle-field a close student would have had no difficulty in finding the body to which it belonged. The hair was worn short, and clustered in masses of pure raven curls about a broad, full brow, and gracefully sweeping neck. The eye was large, black, and lustrous, but not so fiery as some black eyes. Its light was soft and radiant, and full of kindness and good-will; though there were those who had seen it burn and sparkle with a strange, warning intensity, when his soul was in arms, and the fray grew warm about him. His features were in keeping with the rest of the man. They were not so dark as those of the more southern climes, and were faultlessly regular and symmetrical. In short, ENRIQUE DE MONEVA was all that could be desired by the most enthusiastic painter as a model for a champion of chivalry. His whole life, as far back as he could remember, had been spent among those mountains, and his daily habits had all tended to develop the moral and the physical man. His dress was light and simple: a shirt, or short frock, of crimson wool, the full sleeves slashed with blue, secured at the waist by a broad leathern belt, within which was stuck a small dagger; leggins of chamois skin; and simple sandals upon the feet; while his dark locks were half concealed by a bonnet of purple velvet.

Enrique's companion was an old man, white-haired and bent; but he was large of frame, and must once have been strong and powerful. He had seen his three-score years and ten, and though they had stamped themselves upon his features in many a line and deep furrow, yet they had not taken one jot from the noble, generous face he had always worn. He stepped more slowly than did the youth, and there was a limp in his gait. He suffered—at times severely—from a wound received many years before.

"Where is that lazy Gomez?" cried the old man, turning towards the cot after he had reached the lawn.

"Never mind him," said Enrique. "Let him sleep. Gomez Bambillo is a good man and a faithful servant, and we will bear with his laziness."

"Aye," quietly rejoined the first speaker, in an earnest tone. "He is a good and faithful fellow. And let me tell you, my son, you must make the most of him. He will be your only companion ere long, and I give you my word you will find him a valuable one."

"Pshaw! Why do you talk so?" exclaimed the youth, with a show of impatience. "Be my only companion ere long? What's the use? You have many good, long years of life left yet. Why—you are as firm and strong as yonder sycamore."

"Ah, Enrique, you know not what you say. The wound that accursed Moor gave me at Alcaraz has been eating away my life these many years; and but for the noble kindness of a dear friend I should have died then."

"Who was that dear friend?—my father?" asked Enrique, earnestly. "You speak of him often, but you never have yet told me his name."

"Never mind, my son," replied the old man, with a show of uneasiness, "you never knew him, and would not now were I to tell you. But let that pass. You think I am childish in——"

"No, no, father."

"It's all the same. You think I am looking for the grim, dark enemy without cause; but I assure you it is not so. I feel the cold hand heavy upon me, and I know that a few short weeks——"

"Stop, stop—I'll not listen!" cried Enrique, impulsively. "You shall not talk of leaving me."

"I'll say so more. But, my dear boy, watch for the setting sun!"

This was spoken so deeply, so strangely, so solemnly, and with such intensity of feeling, that the youth was for the moment overcome. There was a note of death in the very look and tone of the aged man, and the painful lifting of the wasted hand to that old wound upon the breast gave another note.

"But come," cried old Fernandez de Moneva, as he saw the impression he had made upon his youthful companion, "we'll say no more about that now. Let's to our horses. Hear the poor brutes neigh. By the cross, they should have been fed half an hour ago."

The old man's eye sparkled as he spoke of his horse; and he seemed so cheerful now that Enrique almost forgot the feeling he had experienced a few moments before.

They went to the stable and led forth two coal-black steeds. They were Moorish horses, and bred in Andalusia, and their joy upon seeing their masters was manifested in a way that would seem to imply a gratitude and knowledge far above mere instinct. They capered off to the clear stream and slaked their thirst, and having galloped about the plain a few moments they returned to their waiting owners.

Just at this moment a third person made his appearance at the door of the cot. He was a quaint-looking fellow, but bold and honest, though a sleepy expression for the while somewhat detracted from his brave look. He was a short, square-built man, with massive shoulders; long, stout arms; huge hands and feet; and with a pair of dumpy legs that bowed out till they formed a very fair ellipse. His over-sized head was covered by a crop of flaxen hair, betraying his Northern origin, though he was born in Arragon. His red face was the mirror of honest good-nature, and there was a cast of wit and shrewdness in it, too, which was not to be mistaken.

"How now, sluggard?" cried Enrique, as Gomez Bambillo came rolling up in his clumsy, rocking gait, "how can you lie in bed when that bright sun is up?"

"You do me wrong, my young master," quickly returned Gomez, with a shrug of the shoulders, and a wink of the eye. "Were I forced to find myself of a cool morning among those bleak mountains, I'd come out of it as quickly as any sun that ever was made. But mind you, the sun don't have a nice bed to sleep in; if he did you might find the nights grow strangely long."

"They would if you were the sun, no doubt. But never mind. Sir Fernandez is old and weak. Rub down his horse for him."

"Just what I came for, good master." And thus speaking, Gomez hastened to the old man's side, and took charge of his beast.

In a short time both horses had been thoroughly cleaned, and then Gomez went in and brought forth his own beast, which he treated in like manner. After this the three went into the cot and eat their breakfast, which Enrique had prepared ere the sun was fairly up.

"Now, my dear boy," said the old man, as they arose from the board, "I must see you wield your weapons once more."

"With all my heart, father, and many times more. Shall it be in my frock?"

"No. Let me see you in full armor, with the spear and the ax."

Enrique bowed assent, and then retired with Gomez. When he next appeared, he was clad in burnished steel from head to foot. His helm was of solid metal, surmounted by a crest in the form of a hand, three of the fingers closed, with the index finger pointing upward. His shield was broad and massive, and bore for its device a cloud, from the midst of which arose the hand, with its finger pointing heavenward, like the crest. The gorget was plain, as were the cuirass, the brassarts, the tasses, and other parts of the armor. And Enrique de Moneva looked noble enough in his suit of steel. Erect he stood, and when he walked, though the heavy metal clanged loudly, yet his step was easy and graceful.

"Now by Saint Jago of Compostella!" shouted the old man, striking his clenched fist upon his thigh, "a braver knight, and one more noble of mien, never wore spurs in Christendom!"

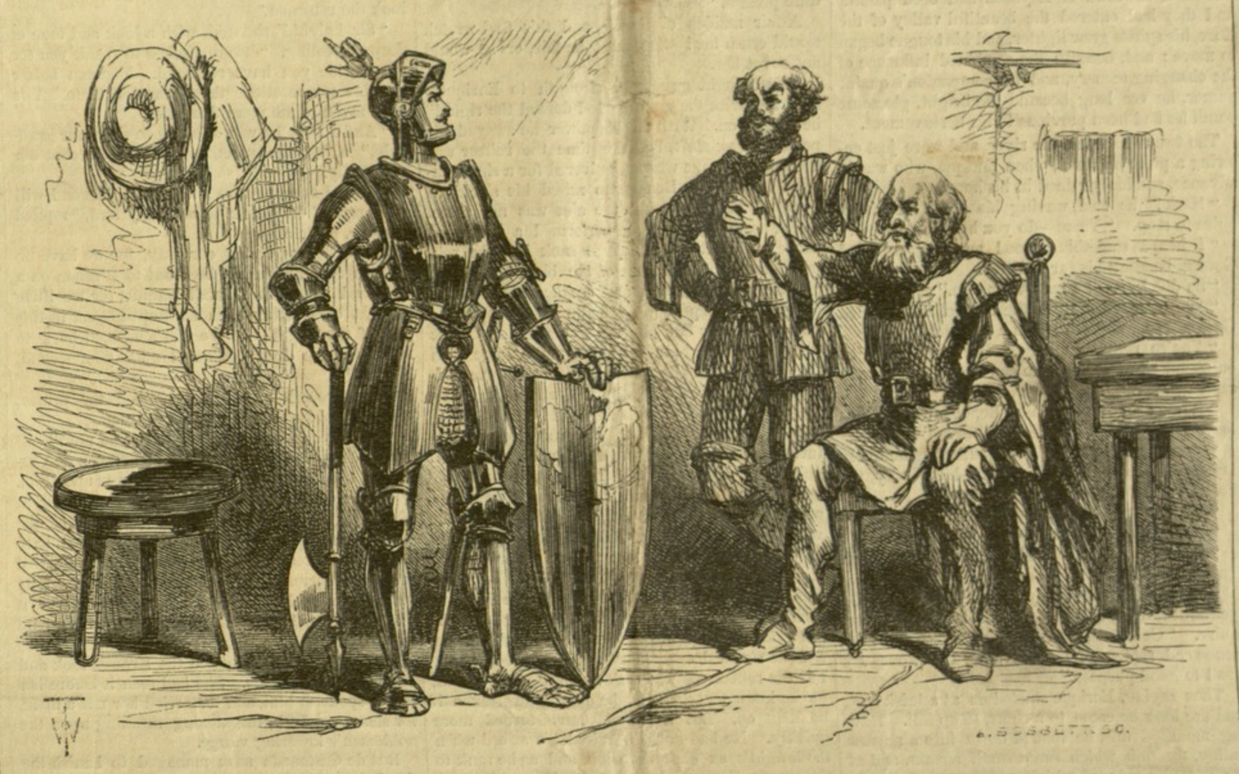
"And a stouter arm never swung before sunrise!" echoed Gomez, with a playful wink, but still with earnest zeal.

"Thank you," returned Enrique, with a light laugh. "And for your good opinion you may bring the horses."

"Quickly, my master." And thus speaking, Gomez hastened away.

Did Enrique wear the knightly spurs? Aye—that he did, and right nobly had he earned them. A few months previous to the present he had, single-handed, while out hunting, dashed on to the rescue of a party of six men, who were beset by a band of robbers of San Pedro. There were a score of the villains, and they had well nigh overcome the stout cavaliers, when Enrique appeared upon the scene. He was unprotected by any sort of armor, but he laid about him with his heavy sword with such right good will, that six heads had sunk beneath his trenchant blade ere he had been at work as many minutes. The cavaliers had already slain each his man, and the rest of the robbers fled in hot haste.

The strangers were fatigued, and they rode back to the cot, where Enrique found that the chief man among his guests was no less a personage than King John of Navarre. John went away with old Fernandez, and talked with him for some time, and when he returned, his first movement was to cause the brave youth to kneel before him. The usual questions were asked—the vows taken—and then the king of Navarre placed his sword upon Enrique's right shoulder, saying, as he did so—"Arise, Sir Enrique de Moneva, and henceforth be thou a true and valiant knight, and, while you live, forget not the solemn vows you have this day taken."



MASTER AND PUPIL.

Almost overcome by his great joy, the youth arose, and when he chose his crest and device, he thought of HOPE. So he had the finger pointing heavenward, for thence did his prayers turn for strength and help.

In a short time Gomez returned with the horses, and the old man and Enrique mounted, the latter vaulting lightly into his saddle, notwithstanding the weight of metal he bore, while the former was much longer than usual in gaining his old familiar seat.

"Go set the mark," said Fernandez, turning to Gomez.

The latter hastened into the house, and when he returned he bore a pomegranate in his hand, which he carried away to a distant tree, and suspended it by a cord from one of the smaller branches, giving it a swinging motion sideways ere he left it. The fruit hung about as high from the ground as the head of an ordinary horseman, and as it vibrated to and fro, it surely offered but a dubious mark for a lance at full tilt. Yet the youthful knight had performed the feat.

"Ready!" cried the old man.

Enrique couched his long spear, and, with his visor down, he put his horse into a swift gallop. His keen eye was fixed upon the swinging ball, and with a clear judgment he calculated its motion. As he came near, the head of his lance performed a graceful sweep, and in a moment more the pomegranate was carried away, with its very center pierced by the steel point.

"By San Jago, thou'rt worthy the spurs good John of Navarre gave thee!" cried the old man in ecstacy, as Enrique returned to his starting-place. "And now for the ax. Another pomegranate, Gomez."

Fernandez was much excited. His eye burned, and his face was lighted up by a strange, unnatural light, but the youth did not notice it. He only saw what he thought was the result of enthusiasm in a pastime in which the brave old knight could no longer do his part.

Gomez brought another pomegranate, and placed it upon the top of a tall post near the tree where he had suspended the first. Enrique gave up his lance, and drew his heavy ax from its rest near his hip. Again he set his horse in motion—this time more swiftly than before—and as he neared the post, he raised his ponderous weapon high above his head, and with one sweep he cleft the pomegranate in two equal halves.

"Santiago!" exclaimed the old man, as the youth came up, "ne'er was knight in Christendom could do that better than thou hast done it. And, mind thee, my own brave pupil, 'tis because thy nerves are firm and thine eye steady. Beware of excess—of the wine when it sparkles, and of the too tempting bowl. Keep thy body as it now is, and in all Castile thy better shall not be found."

"I shall remember thy lessons, father."

"I know thou wilt. But the sword first. Come—the sword! Gomez, bring me my spurs!—my sword! By Saint Jago, I'll have a bout myself! Sir Enrique, I challenge thee! Aye, my fond pupil, I—thy teacher—do challenge thee!"

The youth was astonished at the old man's speech, for it was full of fire and zeal.

"How?" he returned. "Are you in earnest, father?"

But Fernandez de Moneva made no reply. His eyes glared wildly, and he swayed to and fro in his saddle. Enrique leaped quickly to the ground, and was just in season to prevent the old man from falling.

"Ah, my good master," cried Gomez, with much emotion, "the old man has been telling us the truth these last few weeks. He's going to leave us."

But Enrique could not speak. The reality of his old tutor's dying came upon him with a crushing, overpowering force. He helped Gomez bear the insensible form to the cot, where it was placed upon a low couch, and then the two worked as best they could to revive the fainting knight.

"Father! father!" cried Enrique, with violent emotion, "do not die! Oh, live to tell me the secret of my life! Great God," the youth continued, clasping his hands towards Heaven, "let him not pass away with that great secret locked up in his bosom!——Father! father!—awake, and tell me who and what I am! Oh! you promised I should some time know!"

"Ha! He moves!" said Gomez.

"He does!" cried Enrique, joyfully. "He will live! Father! father!"

The old knight opened his eyes, but their light was dim. Slowly his right hand sought the old wound upon his breast, and a low groan escaped his pale lips.

"You are not dying, father!"

"Dying!—going!—God have mercy whispered the old man.

"But you will tell me the secret you hold. You will not leave me thus, without one known kindred upon all the earth!" urged Enrique, passionately.

"God have mercy! Oh! mercy! mercy!"

And as these words fell in painfully whispered accents from the lips of the aged knight, he relapsed again into a state of insensibility.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE MOVE, WITH THE PROSPECT OF AN ADVENTURE.

Gomez gazed upon his young master in silence for some time, and his emotions seemed about equally divided between sorrow for the old man's death, and pity for the youth's agony.

"Sir Enrique," he at length said, in a soothing tone, "why take on so? Our friend is ripe and full of years. His appointed time is come."

"And yet I lose the only protector, guardian and guide I ever had!" returned the youth, sadly. "From my earliest childhood—aye, from my very infancy—Fernandez de Moneva has been to me a father. He alone—all, all alone—has led me up to manhood—supporting me in the helpless time of my earliest life, ere yet the power of mind and memory were mine—leading me on through precarious childhood—fortifying both soul and body in youth—and bringing me up, by his own power and example, to what I now am. Oh! Gomez, you know not what that good old man has done for me—how he has labored, suffered, and borne with me,—how, when my arm was weak, and my young blood too hot and impetuous, he devoted every hour of his time to curing me of my faults, and building me up in true manhood. God save him!"

Enrique bowed his head a few moments, and then he started to his feet.

"And there is another thing that bears me down," he resumed, in a tone of agony. "This old man holds the secret of my life—of my birth—of my parentage. He knows who I am—he knows, if he still has sense,—and if he dies without speaking the word I shall be but a homeless wanderer upon the face of the earth!"

"Let this make thee a home," said Gomez, laying his finger upon the heavy sword which the young knight had thrown upon the table. "Look to your shield and its device. HOPE—HOPE!"

Enrique's bright eye kindled, and a proud look dwelt for a moment upon his face; but the cloud soon came back.

"Ah," he replied, "I may make a name, and 'tis not mine. When people ask me whence I came I can only point to that raised finger upon my shield, and answer,—'*From the clouds!*' I cannot tell them whence I came. Oh! Gomez—'tis hard!"

"Not so hard," rejoined the serving man, very quietly, and very impressively, "as to possess a noble name with a craven soul. There are many, in this very kingdom of Castile, I wot of, who would be glad to sell their names for your good arm and noble mien."

"By the host, I thank thee, good Gomez. Thou'lt make me feel a pride in spite of myself. I know 'tis—— Ha! he moves again! Oh! he may speak yet!"

The old knight had turned upon his side, and his eyes were open. Enrique and Gomez were by his couch in a moment.

"Father—can you speak to me?" the youth asked.

"Put on my spurs—lay my old sword by my hip—throw the scarf over my shoulder—and thus let them rest with me in the grave?"

Thus far the dying knight spoke in a painful whisper; but the subject seemed to revive him, and for a while his dark eye flashed again.

"Mark upon the stone that covers my grave," he resumed, in a stranger tone, "these words:—'FERNANDEZ; A KNIGHT OF ARRAGON.'"

"And am I, too, of Arragon?" asked Enrique.

"No. Thou art of Castile—thy blood as pure Castilian as ever flowed."

"And my parents?"

The old man clasped his hands, and a perceptible tremor shook his frame.

"Enrique," he replied, in regretful tones, "if I could have one wish for life above another—if there is one object for which I would remain with you—it is that I might see the time when I could give up my secret—when I could tell you all. But the time is not yet—not yet, my son."

"Yes! The time is now!" cried the youth, impulsively. "You have no right to rob me of the secret of my birth."

"Rob thee, Enrique?"

"Forgive me, father—oh! forgive me. I meant not that. But tell me who I am. Oh! in God's name I implore you!"

"And thus your old guardian would sink into his grave with his knightly oath broken. His spurs and his sword would no longer be fitting his remains!"

This was spoken so solemnly, and with such a

depth of sadness, that the youth spoke no more for some time.

"Oh! that accursed Moor! Why did he strike me there!" groaned the dying man, raising his hand heavily to his bosom.

That hand slowly sank upon the coarse counterpane, and a low whisper issued from the pallid lips:—

"*God have mercy!*"

A moment more, and he added, in a gurgling tone—

"*My noble benefactor, I have done my duty!*"

Fernandez spoke no more. A change came over his aged form, and that change was—DEATH!

Enrique knelt down by the couch and wept long and bitterly. For the while he forgot the lost secret, for his soul was moved to its deepest center by the sad bereavement which had fallen upon him.

"God's will be done!" whispered Gomez, laying his finger lightly upon the youth's shoulder.

Enrique started up and seized the honest fellow by the hand.

"We have lost a generous, faithful friend, Gomez," he said, with the tears still upon his cheek, "and I must weep as a child, for he was to me a father."

"Aye—we'll both weep," returned Gomez, with moistened eyes; "but yet 'tis not very hard to see a good old man pass away to his sure reward. He was prepared for it."

"True, good Gomez. He is at rest. God keep his soul!"

Enrique went out and walked upon the lawn awhile, and when he had become composed he went in and called Gomez to help him prepare the body. They washed and perfumed it, and then cased it in the armor the old knight had worn so many years. The scarf was placed over the shoulder, the spurs clasped on, and when he was laid at rest the candles were lighted and arranged about him. Then Gomez was despatched to Reynosa for a priest, and also directed to engage an artizan to hew a stone for the grave.

* * * * * * * * *

The sun arose again upon the quiet vale, and gilded with its beams the white cot at the foot of the mountains. Enrique stood upon the lawn, and Gomez, a sluggard no more, stood by his side. Together they walked away to a deep nook by the gorge whence the limpid stream issued from the mountain, and when they stopped it was by a new-made grave. A heavy block of marble covered it, and upon the pure white stone was this inscription:—

"FERNANDEZ;
A KNIGHT OF ARRAGON.
His heart knew no guile in life. His soul can know no pain in death."

Enrique had hesitated some about making this addition as an epitaph, but his love and veneration conquered his scruples, and he gave his testimony upon the white stone.

The young knight knelt and prayed, and Gomez knelt by his side. Then they arose, and Enrique turned to a black steed that stood with bended neck by the grave.

"Come, good Ismail," the youth said, as he placed his hand upon the horse's mane, "you can remain here no more. Thy master is gone—thou'lt see him never again. I'll be kind to thee now—come."

The noble animal, as if understanding every word that had been spoken, turned slowly and sadly from the sacred spot, and, with his head adroop, followed Enrique from the place. Ismail had spent three days and three nights by that grave. He seemed to know that his loved master was dead, and that he mourned, his movements could testify. But he soon became reconciled to the caresses of Enrique, though it was a long time ere he would suffer Gomez to fondle him.

"Gomez," said the youthful knight, as they sat together in the cot one evening, "you had known Sir Fernandez a long while?"

"I knew him in Arragon ere he came to Castile," retured the man. "I knew him when he was in his prime, and I a boy."

"And he sent to Arragon on purpose for you?"

"Aye, my master—on purpose for me to serve you."

"Did he say so at the time?"

"Yes. He made me take an oath that I would be true to you as life itself—and I will, so long as I have strength, and you will let me remain by you."

"And I, in turn, good Gomez, will be true to you. Our fortunes are cast together."

"And we'll work them out bravely if we work them at all."

"So we will, Gomez. But now tell me: Did you ever hear Fernandez say anything of my birth?"

"I heard him say you were born in Castile," returned the esquire, with a slight nervousness in his tone and manner.

"But of my parents—what said he of them?"

"Never to me did he say one word of who your parents were, or in what town they belonged."

"Not a word?"

"Not one, my master."

"What did he tell you of me when he first called you to be my companion?"

"Your servant, good master, he called me for."

"Never mind. What did he say of me?"

"Only that you were to him a most sacred charge, even as though God had given you to him as a child of his own blood; and that I must regard him as your father, and ask no questions."

Enrique was perplexed and annoyed by this answer; but he soon recovered himself, and then resumed—

"You heard the old man's last words—'*My noble benefactor, I have done my duty.*' What did he mean by that?"

"I'm sure I cannot tell you, Sir Enrique."

"But have you not some idea?"

"None at all."

"Do you think the old man's name was DE MONEVA?"

Gomez was very uneasy, but he managed quickly to hide it.

"Certainly that was his name," he answered.

"Then why did he wish it left out from the inscription upon his grave-stone?"

"Ah—I cannot tell you, my master. You are going beyond my depth. Now let this matter rest. It can do you no good to ponder and speculate upon it. It is a sealed and hidden secret, and neither you nor I have the power to open it. If you bother yourself with it, it will be only a bother. If you are asked your name, you can give it. DE MONEVA is your name—lawfully, rightfully yours—given you by the only father you ever knew. If you are asked concerning your parentage, say that Sir Fernandez was your father——"

"Stop, Gomez—I'll think of that. I may not wish to own to a parentage which is not mine, when the great aim of my coming life must be to find a parentage that is mine."

"You may be right there, Sir Enrique, and I shall not dispute you. Still, you have the dead knight to fall back upon in case of need."

Enrique admitted the force of this remark, and here the conversation ended.

Three weeks passed, and at the end of that time the young knight resolved to move out into the world.

"We will seek the capital," he said, after he had closed the cot.

"The very place," responded Gomez.

So the heads of the horses were turned towards Burgos, which was some fifty miles distant to the south. The beast which Gomez had formerly used had been sold, and the esquire took the black Andalusian of the dead knight. Fernandez had left a large sum of gold, which Enrique carefully packed away, for he knew that it all belonged to him now. Our hero's armor was polished with great care, and having encased himself within it, he gave his heavy shield to his attendant, and then vaulted into his saddle.

"Farewell, old spot!" he cried, as he turned towards the white cot, "farewell, thou scenes of my childhood and youth! Farewell, old mountains; and thou, bright stream, farewell! He who hath loved thee so long must now turn his face from thee and seek the busy world. Farewell, and may thy healthful influences never forsake me!"

Slowly the youthful knight turned from the place, and for a while he was moody and silent; but when the town of Reynosa had been passed, and they had entered the beautiful valley of the Ebro, his spirits grew lighter, and his tongue began to move; and, beneath the combined influence of the changing scenery, and his companion's quaint humor, he ere long became the bright, gleesome youth he had been previous to his bereavement.

The twain had left the river, and were just entering a piece of wood, when Enrique, who was in advance, suddenly reined in his horse.

"Hark!" he said, waving his hand for his esquire to stop. "There—do you hear that sound?"

"I heard something, good master," returned Gomez, bending his ear to listen.

"So did I. Ha! there it is again."

"Aye—and, i' faith, 'tis the clash of arms," cried Gomez, becoming excited in a moment.

"You're right," exclaimed Enrique; "and 'tis on ahead of us, too. Who can be fighting now in such a place?"

"It may be that villain, Bonovento, who has found some golden travelers," returned Gomez.

"*Bonovento!*" uttered the youth, instinctively laying his hand upon his sword-hilt. "By the host, I should like to meet that man!"

"He is a stout knight, my master."

"No—he is no knight."

"But he was a knight once, and he has not forgotten his cunning or his courage."

"Now God grant it may be he!" ejaculated the youthful knight, as he took his shield from his esquire. "Come on, Gomez. Can I but meet the renowned robber of the Salvadas, I'll prove my steel to good purpose."

Thus saying, Enrique started on at a brisk trot, and ere long he came to a short, steep hill. Having mounted this, he looked down into a narrow valley, through which ran a small stream, and at the opposite side of which a fierce conflict was raging. He stopped to study its character ere he mingled in the fray.

There were certainly a score of combatants; and our hero was not long in distinguishing the right from the wrong. There were two noble gentlemen, as he could tell by their rich court attire, and with them were some half-dozen stout attendants, who were fighting right lustily. The rest were all robbers, as their wild, quaint garbs plainly gave token.

No—not *all* robbers. Close by the edge of the wood, upon a milk-white Barb, sat a female. Enrique could not distinguish her features, but he could see that she was young, and that she was much frightened.

"Ha!" cried Gomez, with sudden energy, "there is Bonovento himself. Out with your steel, my master!"

The youth's eye had detected the gigantic form of the robber at the same moment. He closed his visor, couched his lance, and put spurs to his noble steed.

"To the rescue!" he cried, waving his hand to Gomez; and then he dashed down the hill

CHAPTER III.

THE BATTLE.

Bonovento had been once a knight of Castile, but for a great crime he had been stripped of his spurs, and cast forth from the capital. Partly in revenge, partly more from his natural inclinations, he gathered about him a band of reckless men, and turned robber. His usual haunts were in the fastnessess of the Sierra de Salvada, but he made incursions to the southward whenever it suited his convenience. His especial hatred was against the nobles of Castile, and he never allowed one of them to pass unrobbed if he could meet him. Large rewards had been offered for his head, and many parties had been sent out after him; but thus far he had either eluded, or met and conquered them all.

The robber chief was of huge stature, and clad in mail from top to toe. Upon his head he wore a helm of steel, surmounted by a flowing plume of black. He saw the steel-clad knight as he came over the hill, and leaving his followers to attend to the party he had attacked, he went forth to meet the new-comer.

Enrique's heart bounded hopefully and stoutly as he saw this movement, and with a word of encouragement to his horse he dashed on.

"Bonovento's life, or death for me!" he shouted, as he came near the chieftain.

"Death! thou mad fool," returned the robber, as, with a sweep of his sword, he cast Enrique's lance aside, and then saw the young knight pass him.

In an instant Enrique cast down his lance, and drew his battle-ax from its beckets; and as he did this he turned his horse and galloped back.

"Now, thou foul pest, the earth shall be rid of thee!" he cried, as he met the redoubtable chief.

"Not by thy hand, though," returned Bonovento, who had already followed the example set by Enrique, and exchanged his sword for his ax.

As the words passed the robber's lips, Enrique aimed a heavy blow at his head, but by a quick movement of the body the chief escaped it, and on the next instant his own ax was in the air. It came down with a crashing force, but the knight caught it obliquely upon his shield, and it passed harmlessly off. Enrique had been watchful for this opportunity, and while the sharp steel was yet gliding from his buckler, his own ax was raised. But here again he was foiled. Bonovento's quick, practised eye detected the movement, and a plunge of the left spur deep into his horse's flank carried him for the time out of harm's way.

And now the battle waxed warm. Each had found a combatant worthy of his steel. Blow followed blow in quick succession, and their shields soon bore many a token of the deadly blows which had been dealt. At length, as if by mutual consent, though neither had as yet spoken since the conflict commenced, they both drew back to take breath.

"In God's name, who art thou?" cried Bonovento, breathing heavily.

"A knight of Castile," was Enrique's reply.

"Now by San Jago, thou liest!" quickly rejoined the robber chief. "There is no knight in Castile can hold me thus."

"And yet I am of Castile, and a knight."

"Thy name?"

"Enrique de Moneva."

"Ha! the boy old Fernandez of the mountain hath reared? By all the saints of Christendom, I'll not believe thee. If thou be he, then thou'rt but just fledged, and I know no beardless youth can thwart my every blow as thou hast done."

"Look, then!" said the knight, unhooking his visor, and throwing it up.

The stout chieftain gazed awhile upon the fair face thus presented to his view, and then he said, in a more subdued tone—

"I'll not take thy life. Go."

"Not until the earth be rid of thee!" returned Enrique, reclosing his visor.

"'Tis a pity to slay so fair a youth," rejoined Bonovento; "but your fate be upon your own head. Yonder—if he be still alive in the fray—is a powerful noble of Castile. He is my enemy. By the wood is his fair daughter. The father dies, and SHE shall be mine. Now say your prayers, for time presses."

A fair maiden of Castile, and this foul wretch would crush her! She must be fair, or he would not covet her.

This thought gave new strength to Enrique's arm, and with the cry of "God defend the right!" he dashed on. With all his power he swayed his ponderous ax aloft, but this time the robber was deceived. As the weapon quivered for a single instant in the air, Bonovento raised his shield to ward off the blow; but the aim was not there. Quick as thought the ax performed a backward curve, and as it came down it sank into the robber's shoulder. The force of the blow caused the giant to reel in his seat, and ere he could recover himself his casque was split in twain, and the knight's ax lay buried deep in his brain. There was a gurgling groan—a swaying of a huge form to and fro—and the robber chieftain of the Salvadas—the terror of northern Castile—Bonovento—lay upon the greensward, dead!

As the chieftain fell from his saddle, Enrique turned towards the spot where the strife was still going on. He was just in time to see a stout robber lift the maiden from her horse, and throw her across his saddle-bow, and then dash off across the vale. This villain had evidently seen his leader fall, and he meant to secure the prize for himself. His horse flew swiftly over the ground, but there was a beast behind him that came on like the wind. Enrique had no need to use his spurs, for his noble steed knew full well what was required of him, and he strained every nerve. At the foot of the hill the robber cast the maiden down, and turned, for he knew that he must be quickly overtaken if he kept on. But he should have turned more quickly. He had not half raised his sword when the knight's ax cleft his skull, and as he sank to the earth, Enrique leaped from his saddle, and hastened to the maiden's side.

"Are you injured, fair lady?" he asked, tenderly.

"No, noble sir—thanks to your stout arm and generous heart."

"And shall I take you back to your father?"

"Oh—yes, kind sir."

The knight lifted his new charge to the saddle-bow as though she had been a child, and then vaulted to his own seat. His heart was still stout, but there was a new and strange thrill centering within it. He had looked upon a face, even in its terror, which was more beautiful than he had ever conceived. He had gazed upon a form as fair as fastidious Moslem could covet. Eyes full of soft, gentle gratitude had beamed upon him, and their glances had pierced his heart like an arrow. But he spoke not after he had raised the lovely being to her seat, nor did he lift his visor; but he hastened on, and when he had reached the spot where the white barb stood, he placed the maiden carefully in her own saddle, and then wheeled about towards the scene of conflict.

Four blows of the knight's trenchant ax laid as many of the robbers low, and the rest, only five in number, fled in wild dismay. Gomez had done wonderful work. His stout arm had wielded the heavy blade so well that five men had fallen beneath his strokes, and thrice had he saved the life of the noble lord who was the maiden's father, by flying to his rescue when failing before superior numbers.

Upon looking over the scene, Enrique found that there had been two-and-twenty of the robbers, all told, and that the two noblemen had been accompanied by eight men-at-arms. These latter, with their masters, had all fought bravely, though five of them had fallen in the conflict. But they had slain three of the robbers ere Gomez came up, and not one of them had flinched.

And the deep vale bore the marks of a hard-fought field. Twenty dead bodies lay strewn around—fifteen of the robbers and five of the men-at-arms—while in the distance lay the giant form of the redoubtable chieftain, and, at the foot of the hill, his second in command, both weltering in their gore. The younger of the two nobles had received a slight wound upon the right arm, but it was easily bound up, and gave little pain. The other, thanks to the good blade of Gomez, was untouched, though he had been in the thickest of the fray.

"And now," said the latter, turning towards our hero, and extending his hand with a warm grasp, "let us know to whom we are indebted for our lives."

"My name is Enrique de Moneva, noble sir."

"De Moneva? You are not of Castile, then?"

"Yes—I am Castilian born." And as Enrique thus spoke he raised his visor, which had till now remained closed.

Both the nobles started as they beheld the youthful face.

"By the true cross, sir knight," exclaimed the first speaker, "I had expected to see an older face. Such prowess as you have this day exhibited might well befit the best knight in Christendom. Whence come you?"

"From the mountains, sir, where my life has been spent. My father taught me the use of weapons, and he was well qualified for the task. He died a short time since, and I am now on my way to the capital."

"Have you friends there?"

"No. I am wholly unknown in Burgos."

"Then, i' faith, thou shalt be my guest. I am John, Count de Velasco. And this gentleman is Don Nunez de Castaneda, the brother of our gracious king."

Enrique was moved by a feeling of joy and hope at thus finding, in those whom he had served, two of the most powerful nobles of Castile. Don John, the Count de Velasco, was fifty years of age, tall and commanding in person, of stern aspect, but yet of a naturally kind heart. He was proud of his name and station more than of his great wealth, and his honor he held most sacred.

Don Nunez de Castaneda was a short, square-shouldered man, two-and-thirty years of age, of a dark, dubious visage, though not ill-looking. He was the younger and only brother of the king.

"The brother of our king?" inquired the youth, after he had gazed awhile upon the prince.

"Aye," replied the count.

"I knew not that Sancho had a brother living."

"Sancho, say ye? By the mass, you must be from the mountains," cried de Velasco. "Sancho has been dead these two months, and Alfonso is king now."

"The old king dead?" uttered Enrique, in surprise. "And yet," he added, after a moment's thought, "'tis not strange that I should have been ignorant of it, seeing that we have had no visitors from Burgos."

"Yes—the old king passed away full of years, stern and cold to the last. But I forget. There is one to whom you should surely be presented. Eleanor—this is Sir Enrique de Moneva. She is my only child, sir knight."

Eleanor de Velasco extended her hand, and the surprise which was plainly depicted upon her face told how little she had expected to see such features beneath that helm. She trembled, and a rich flush suffused her fair brow. She met the earnest gaze of the youth who had saved her, and there was something more than gratitude in the look she returned.

"Sir knight," she said, with a look and tone of deepest feeling, "'twere useless to thank you for the service you have rendered. You can better imagine my emotions than I can tell them. You have saved to me more than life."

"And I trust he will allow us to show our gratitude," added the parent. "You will accept our hospitality."

"Since I am an entire stranger in Burgos I will avail myself of your kind offer, my lord," replied Enrique, gratefully.

"Then let us be on our way, for we have no time to spare. We had been out to Miranda on a visit, and with but a small retinue, for we little thought of meeting such an impediment in this part of the kingdom. We will send men back to look to these dead bodies. How is your wound, Nunez?"

"Ah—wound, my lord?" uttered the prince, starting and speaking in an absent manner.

"Aye—you were wounded, were you not?"

"Pooh!—a mere scratch." And Nunez de Castaneda tried to laugh off the fit that was upon him.

But he could not hide his strange emotion from Enrique. The youth had found the gaze of the prince fixed upon him with a half-frightened, half-vengeful expression, and he himself was startled by the occurrence. What could it mean? Why should the nobleman regard him thus? Was it jealousy? Had the feelings of his heart been read so quickly?"

And Eleanor had noticed the strange look and conduct of the prince. She had seen it before her father spoke to him, and it startled her not a little, for she saw a dark, threatening meaning upon the nobleman's lowering visage.

But de Castaneda soon managed to banish the cloud from his brow, and with a smiling countenance he spoke some words of thanks to the youthful knight for the services he had rendered. Yet he could not appear natural. Something had moved him too deeply for that, and ever and anon he would cast upon the youth a quick, searching glance of deep and earnest import.

The party rode on at a brisk pace until they came to a steep hill, where the horses settled into a slow walk, and the prince sought Enrique's side.

"Were you never in Burgos, sir knight?" asked the former, in an apparently careless tone.

"Never, to my knowledge, my lord," returned our hero.

"Have we never met before?"

"Not unless you have met me at Reynosa."

"I never met you there, at all events. And you are positive it could be nowhere else?"

"Quite positive, my lord."

"Then I must give it up. Yet I could have sworn I had met you before."

"Some face much like mine, perhaps," suggested Enrique, with a smile.

"It must be so," responded the prince; and then, in a lighter tone he added—"Pardon the freedom I take; but who made thee a knight?"

"'Twas good king John of Navarre. I performed a service for him much like the one I have this day rendered, and he gave me his own spurs."

"So, so. Your star is in the ascendant."

The top of the hill was reached, and as the horses started into a trot again the prince sought the side of the lady Eleanor, and Enrique found himself in company with the count.

The sun was just sinking to rest when the party rode through the northern gate of Burgos, and ere long they reached the palatial dwelling of Don John, where our hero was urged to feel at home, and to consider himself an honored and welcome guest.

It was quite late when Enrique was conducted to his chamber, and when he and Gomez had been left alone the latter looked to the doors, and having found them all secure he turned to the knight.

"My master," he said, "beware of the prince!"

"Ha! What mean you, Gomez?"

"I can only say—Beware! When I know more I will tell you. What Nunez de Castaneda may have against you I know not; but I do know he is your enemy."

"But why should he be?" cried Enrique, earnestly. "How can he have cause for enmity against one whom he never saw before? 'Tis impossible."

"Beware of him. I can say no more. If you have marked his looks to-day when his eyes have rested upon you, you must have seen that he feared you."

"Aha—I have it. You think he is jealous. I'll wager a broad gold piece that the prince loves the lady Eleanor, and he fears she will love me. Is't not so your thoughts run, Gomez?"

"It may be so, my master. I know nothing beyond what you may know. Yet I hardly think the prince would be jealous so quickly. It is a strange thing, and we may unravel it. But keep your eyes open."

Enrique could get no further explanation from his esquire, so he went to bed and pondered upon the subject; and the more he thought of it, calling to mind the strange behavior of the prince, the more puzzled he became. Yet the words of Gomez rung in his ear with increasing force, and he began to give them more importance than he had at first been inclined to do: "*Beware of the Prince!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A GENTLE HINT.—A sportsman, who, during the shooting season, had gone to pass a week with a friend in the country, on the strength of a general invitation, soon found, by a gentle hint, that he would have done better to have waited for a special one. "I saw some beautiful scenery," was the visitor's first remark, "as I came to-day by the upper road." "You will see still finer," was the reply, "as you go back to-morrow by the lower one."

AN OLD MAN'S EXPERIENCE.

The holy vessel of the Athenians, during a course of seven hundred years, had been so often rebuilt, that some of their sophists maintained it was no longer the same ship, and frequently used it as an illustration in discussing the question of personal identity. I myself, both in body and mind, have undergone such a total replacement of feelings and ideas in my little existence of three-score years, that I was inclined to think myself a different personage altogether from the short-sighted youth, who considered forty as a grave paternal age, and connected sixty with nothing but ideas of decrepitude and decay. I remember when I thought that the consciousness of getting old, and approaching the edge of the great abyss, must, at the former age, begin to dim the sunshine of existence, and at the latter be sufficient to overcloud and darken all its enjoyments. These spectres of fancy vanished as I came near them. At forty I set myself down for a young man, and finding myself at sixty hale, hearty, and happy, able to dig in my garden, enjoy literature and the arts, and cultivate the Muse with a keener relish of existence than ever, I settled in my own mind that this was the real meridian and zenith of human life. Children, when first they ride in a carriage, imagine that the trees and houses are moving on while they are stationary; and, in like manner, I could see plainly the ravages of time upon my contemporaries, and observe that they were *getting on*, while I myself seemed to have been standing still, and at some loss to account for all my old friends running ahead of me. This is another illustration of that benignant provision of nature, which will not suffer even our self-love to be wounded, and equalises the happiness of life's various stages, by making even the foibles of age minister to its enjoyments. How often, in my younger days, have I repeated the well-known lines of Dryden:

"Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure from what still remain,
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running would not give:
I'm tired of toiling for this chymic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old."

I have lived to disprove them. I *would* live past years again, but it should be the latter, not the former portion, for the current of life, as it approaches the great ocean of eternity, runs smoother and clearer than in its first out-gushing. Like Job's, my latter days have been the most fully blessed. I am now seventy years of age; and bating the loss of a few teeth, and some other inevitable effects of age upon my person, I still possess "a sound mind in a sound body," and "bate no jot of heart or hope." My journey from sixty to seventy has been as delightful as that from forty to sixty; nor do I anticipate any future disappointment should it be extended to eighty, for my confidence in nature's substitutions and benignant provisions is boundless. Had she fixed a century as the impassable boundary of life, we might feel some annoyance and apprehension as we approached it; but by leaving it undetermined she has, to a certain extent, made us immortal in our own belief, for hope is illimitable. I often catch myself anxiously inquiring of what disease my seniors have died, as if their disappearance at eighty or ninety were contrary to the usual course of things, and attributable to accident. "The shortness of human life," says Dr. Johnson, "has afforded as many arguments to the voluptuary as the moralist." How operative, then, must it be with me who am anxious to combine both tendencies, and be considered a moral voluptuary, or, in other words, a philosopher—not a follower of Aristippus, or disciple of the Cyrenaic school, devoted to worldly and sensual delights, under which the soul "embodies and embrutes"—but as a pupil of the much misunderstood and calumniated Epicurus, cultivating intellectual enjoyments, and holding pleasure to be the chief good, and virtue the chief pleasure. These are the laudable delights to which I feel a new stimulant from considering the shortness of my remaining career; and whether its termination be near or distant, these enjoyments will, I verily believe, accompany me to the last, and enable me to fall, like Cæsar, in a becoming and decent attitude.

SEVENTY WINTERS.

PRECOCITY AN EVIL.

Precocity is generally an indication of disease; and it has been very safely predicated of infant prodigies that they rarely grow up clever, because, in fact, they rarely grow up at all. They "o'er-inform their tenement of clay;"—the fire of intellect burns faster than the body can supply it with aliment, and so they spiritualize and evaporize. Mind and body are yoked together to pursue their mysterious journey with equal steps, nor can one outstrip the other without breaking the harness and endangering the whole machine. We would rather that a child's right shoulder should grow higher than his left, than that his mind should get the start of his body; for the former would only affect his symmetry, the latter is frequently a fatal symptom. Were all authors as ingenious as Dr. Johnson in disclaiming the juvenile miracles of wit attributed to them, the number of our really precocious writers, who have attained subsequent celebrity, would probably be extremely limited. As to solitary instances of preternatural talent in children, limited to one direction, they do not come within the scope of our argument. Such was that incomprehensible faculty of arithmetic in the celebrated Calculating Boy, who in an instant could solve problems which would be an hour's puzzle to our ablest calculators "with all appliances and means to boot," and yet this urchin could not even explain the process by which he performed the miracle. One would imagine that by some peculiar organization of his brain, a ray of omniscience had shot athwart it, giving us a single glimpse of its divine origin, as when the clouds are opened by lightning, we appear to get a momentary peep into the glories of the innermost heaven. With such an example of inexplicable intuition we do not despair of future striplings, who, in the intervals of peg-top and cricket, will kindly spare a moment for quadrating the circle, discovering the longitude, explaining the cause of polar attraction, and solving other Œdipean riddles which have puzzled the world since its creation, while the young sages shall be all unconscious of the might within them. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings may such revelations be ordained. As, however, the loss of one of our senses generally quickens and strengthens the rest, so the preternatural growth and vigor of any particular mental faculty commonly cripples or weakens the others. A hump-backed man is spindle-shanked, and the Calculating Boy, in all directions but one, was weak-minded and simple. In every thing "order is heaven's first law;" proportion and equilibrium are the only elements of beauty and strength.

A NEW RACE.—Men and women have become extinct—they died about sixty years ago, and left no heirs. Ladies and gentlemen have usurped their places.

TO ANGELO.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE

Thou *art* the very "dearest thing
There is on earth" to me;
For thy dear sake I'd bravely dare
Dangers of earth or sea.

Beside thee, love, or for thy sake,
With patient steps I'd go
Through self-denial, toil and gloom
Through weariness and woe.

If thou wouldst only love me there,
Contented I'd abide
Till death, within the humblest cot
Where fate could bid us hide.

"The world" is *nothing* to *my* thought,
If only *thou* art near;
Thou art my world—thy pleasure mine,
Thy smile my sunshine dear.

I'd ask no garments rich and rare,
No pleasures found afar;
Within *my* soul when thou art near
No restless longings are.

Thou roundest out my thought of life,
Oh! most beloved one;
A zestless thing, collapsed and tame,
Is life when thou art gone.

My Alpha and Omega thou,
What fond delight were mine,
Were it *my* lot to minister
To any wants of thine.

But I must learn the hardest task
Poor woman's heart hath known,
Must hide this all-pervading love,
And go my way alone.

Oh! hard and heavy doom of grief,
Even for thy sake, my friend,
I fear I *cannot* bravely bear
This doom unto the end.

So dark, so cold, so desolate
Is all that lacketh thee;
Stretch forth thy hand—I sink, I fall—
Oh! Angel, succor me.

THE VICTIMS OF THE MOB.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY CORA BELL.

The following story was related to me by the chief actor in the scenes described, who had become a white-haired, decrepit old man. His voice thrilled with deep emotion as he told the tale as follows:

"The mischiefs and excesses, the roar and cannon of the revolution were around me on the 14th day of November, Third year of Liberty, as I stood in the little ante-room of my surgery, dispensing medicines and dressing the limbs of *sans culottism*. I was a poor young physician, and had made a custom of devoting my morning hours to such gratuitous labors, with the view of obtaining practice and experience.

"But for a delicate case I was interested in, most gladly, however, would I have evaded my usual custom on this especial day. I was going to be married, a fact which will sufficiently account for the state of feverish excitement in which I had spent the morning, but still more so, when I mention that this was the third time my beloved Elise and I had stood by the altar, and, by some strange fatality, our nuptials had been prevented. Once by the sudden death of her mother; the second time, the house we were in was set fire to by some secret enemy, and with difficulty we escaped from the flames; and now, though in the midst of the reign of terror, proud of my democratic principles, revolution or no revolution, I determined to be married.

"Despite of the laughing *badinage* of my future brother-in-law, Philippe Daulnay—a gay young fellow, who sat swinging his long legs over my little table—I completed my morning's business with not more than half a dozen mistakes, and was in the act of having my coat helped on me by my assistant, Lanay, a lank, overgrown boy, when the door opened, and a peasant, in a blouse, coarse straw hat, and the heavy shoes of the provinces, pushed in.

"'Shut the door, *coquin*,' shouted Lanay, indignantly; 'the doctor sees no more to-day.'

"'Come to-morrow, my man,' said Phillippe; 'Galen is going to be married.'

"I had turned my back, and was arranging my hair in a mirror, when I saw the peasant, without heeding the rebuffs he received, stretch out his arms imploringly.

"The singularity of the action attracted my attention, and I turned and said—

"'What is the matter with you?'

"'You forget that you are going to be married,' laughed Philippe, as he resumed his seat, from which he had risen to expel the intruder.

"'Oh! come only for a few moments, I implore you. My mother is dying.' The modulated tones and musical swell of his voice betrayed him, and despite of his disguise, I knew an aristocrat stood before me.

"But during the last half hour my heart had grown so hard that I would have hardly attended a dying angel.

"'I cannot go,' said I, impatiently.

"The youth, for he was hardly twenty, turned away despairingly.

"'Stay,' said I.

"'Bah!' said Philippe.

"I took a card, and hastily wrote a line on the back of it to a professional friend, begging of him to visit the patient for me. I handed it to the peasant, and squeezing his hand significantly, I muttered—

"'Speak in the *patois* of the provinces.'

"He turned slightly pale, then looked at the card.

"'What is this?' said he.

"'If my friend cannot attend when you bring him that, in two hours come to the direction written on this corner, and ask for me.'

"'She will be dead then,' said the youth, gloomily.

"'How is she affected?'

"'Convulsions, followed by long swoons.'

"I gave him a cordial which would rouse her out of the latter, and Lanay, indignant at my being delayed, shoved him out.

"'Come, Leon,' said Philippe, taking my arm; 'I can't endure this stifling doghole of yours a moment longer. By Jove! from this hour I look upon you as a martyr to science, and only marvel that in your zeal, you do not poison half a score a day.'

"I felt heavy and desponding. Philippe evidently noticed it, and rattled on to rouse me. He was one of those amiable beings who attract us at first sight, and by a secret sympathy link our hearts in a friendship, that in others would take years to cement. I would have chosen him for my friend out of a hundred, even if my love for his beautiful sister Elise had not already united us in the closest bonds of brotherhood. Philippe was clever, too, and would have obtained celebrity in the Constitutional Assembly, not only as a brilliant orator but a turbulent demagogue, for he was so enthusiastic in the cause of liberty, that, on the first outburst of the national mind, he flung up a brilliant post as secretary of the Abbe Villegrew; but the subsequent horrors that ensued had so shocked and disgusted him, as to make him less anxious for the success of *le grand peuple*.

"Yes, I was nervous and unhappy, and would be so until I was married, four-and-twenty hours after which I was determined should see us far, far from the great capital. I had accumulated some little money by my profession, and had taken a small furnished house in my native place, Brussiers, a little village on the banks of the Saone, where I intended to practice. Elise's father, too, had behaved generously to us. Old Daulnay was a notary, who had made a considerable fortune in the brilliant day before the revolution. An humble citizen by birth, he would have been a democrat crat had he not the misfortune to trace, from the dim past, some patrician ancestry. These counts or marquises the old man was vain of, and in an evil hour he prefixed the aristocratic de to his name. This was remembered long after he removed it.

"I was married. The ceremony was performed privately in a little wooden shed about a mile from Paris, by a poor fugitive cure, and I clasped my beloved wife to my arms.

"We did not return home until near evening. I was about to follow my wife into the house, when the peasant I had given the card to in the morning started from beneath the doorway. My friend, he said, could not attend, and he implored me to come only for a few minutes, to tell whether his mother could survive, as he had to quit Paris at once. He did not disguise his voice, as I had recommended, but spoke openly, I thought defiantly, as if he flung himself on my honor, and dared me to betray him.

"'I can do no good if the woman is dying,' said I, impatiently. My wife glided up beside me. She had heard the young man, and she now placed her hand timidly on my arm, and said—

"'Do go, dear Leon, if it will soothe one suffering heart. God will bless you.'

"The young peasant did not speak, but I saw his dark eyes were suffused with tears, as he looked at her. He raised his coarse hat, and bowed with the ineffable grace of a courtier.

"I followed my conductor through the squalid and gloomy quartier of St. Antoine. We turned down a dirty lane, and stopped before a miserable, shattered-looking tenement. The young man ascended a flight of crazy stairs, and pushing open a door on the right, we entered a dingy little room. By the light of a feeble lamp, I saw a woman about forty extended upon a mattrass on the ground. Her limbs hung flaccid and motionless, though her blue lips were covered with foam. She was in a state of collapse, after violent convulsions. A young girl hung over her, and vainly endeavored to force some liquid down her mouth. In a corner of the room, seated on a table at work, was a poor tailor, whom I recognized as a man I sometimes employed to mend my clothes. I saw at a glance that these poor people were under his protection, and that it was he who had sent the young man for me.

"From the peculiar expression of the patient's face, I saw that she was already dying. I took the young man aside, and told him that another hour would terminate her sufferings. He appeared deeply affected. I then gave a few simple directions should she survive longer, and having succeeded in pouring down the unfortunate woman's throat a few drops of the cordial, I left, promising to call again before I left the city.

"I retraced my steps home. Words cannot paint my horror and dismay to find it tenantless. A lighted lamp lay on the ground, and by its rays I beheld the desolation around me. The furniture was broken; our trunks, which were packed ready to start, had been forced open, and their contents scattered about. Marks of blood and a deadly struggle were visible near the door. I picked up a piece of dirty paper near the fireplace; it was a decree from the National Convention for the bodies of the aristocrat Daulnay and his children. Beside it was the copy of a letter from Salis, a confidential clerk in the employment of M. Daulnay, denouncing his master. The moment I caught sight of the writing the mystery was solved. This man, sneaking and obsequious for years, had boldly flung off the mask, and taking advantage of the disorder of the times, had, a few days since, openly asked for Elise's hand, though he knew we had been long engaged. Philippe in a moment of irritation struck him, and the wretch had sworn revenge.

"With a breaking heart, I endeavored to summon my energies to my assistance. I was acquainted with several powerful members in the Convention. To them I wrote, and dispatched the letters by poor Lanay, my assistant, whom, on going down stairs, I found cowering in a dark corner of the passage, nearly bereft of his senses. The poor fellow begged of me to go home to my old lodgings, which I had only left that morning, as he said Salis would come back to look for me. He would have followed the mob to find out where they brought my unhappy friends, but that he had fallen down in a faint, and had not recovered until he heard my frantic howls.

"I received no answer to my letters, and knowing the deadly enemy I had to contend with in Salis, I disguised myself in as effectual a manner as I could, and the following day commenced my almost fruitless search to discover in what prison my wife and her family were confined. Fastening a hatchet and a brace of pistols in my belt, a necessary accompaniment for a walk in the midst of the Reign of Terror, I set out. As I approached the place of my destination, I thought the narrow streets in the vicinity appeared more deserted than usual, until I came in view of the Conciergerie, when I perceived an immense mass of people collected round the prison. My frame quivered, and a thrill of agony shot through my brain, when I remembered having heard that, owing to the crowded state of the prisons, there were periodical times when the greater part of the unhappy inmates were flung out to be butchered by the mob.

"With horror I perceived that my conjecture was right. I mingled with the crowd, but could not succeed in getting near the door.

"The work of privileged slaughter had already commenced; a pile of fresh-killed bodies were thrown on one side of the narrow sidewalk, and a foot deep in blood opposite the gate, stood a band of desperate-looking wretches—the *forcats* and thieves of the city, armed with axes. One in particular attracted my attention. He was a negro, and I thought I had never beheld a more hideous being. The vision of one eye was totally obscured; the other glared around with the malignity of a fiend; an enormous projected mouth, distended by a frightful grin, displayed a row of teeth like the tusks of a wild boar.

"The doors of the prison were shut, and, with a heavy ax poised in both hands, he knelt upon the pavement, impatiently waiting for fresh victims.

"I tried but could not tear myself away; a dreadful presentiment haunted me that here my loved wife and friends were to meet their final doom. The door at this moment opened, and a tall young girl about eighteen was flung rudely forward. At first I thought it was my Elise, so like was the figure, and a quantity of black hair resembling hers had escaped from its confinement, and fell in disheveled masses over the face, nearly concealing it. She threw it wildly back, and with a shudder of inexpressible relief, I perceived it was the countenance of a stranger. Her lips were blue and rigid, and her dark eyes had the fixed, passionless expression of a marble statue. The poor thing uttered no cry, but cast a wild, stupefied glance around, for a moment, on the grim forms before her. A brutal shout from the mob roused her; she tottered a few paces; her foot slipped upon the bloody pavement, and she fell. A demoniac yell burst from the negro. With a sickening shudder I saw him raise his gleaming ax, and spring forward; one wild, frenzied appeal for mercy smote upon my ear; it was suddenly hushed into a low, gurgling cry as the monster bent over his victim; the next moment he raised the gory head, and twisting the long masses of hair round his hand, he waved it in the air, and flung it into the center of the crowd.

"With horrible tranquility I beheld five more unfortunate wretches murdered. As I surveyed the bodies of those who had perished before my arrival, the thought occurred to me that my wife and friends were among them, and that at least I was spared the sight of their parting agony. Even this consolation was denied me, the deadly portals again unclosed, and with an aching heart, and dizzy brain, I recognized the elder Daulnay!

"The old man was of a feeble, nervous temperament, and it appeared to me that reason had fled, so frightful was his appearance. His blood-shot eyes were dilated with fear, his gray locks fell straggling over his haggard face; his tongue, frightfully swollen, protruded from his mouth—he seemed to have been gagged to prevent his screaming. Poor old man! Never was child more simple or innocent. Thy harmless vanity was the only fault they could have laid to thy charge. He held out his hands imploringly. My head swam—a deadly faintness came over me—I sank back, and would have fallen but for the sustaining pressure of the mob. When I recovered my recollection, another victim occupied the dreadful arena—it was my gay, warm-hearted friend—I knew that my poor Elise must have perished before I came.

"Dear Philippe! true brother! sorrow had but little changed him. The bloom of health yet lingered on his cheek. His dark eyes shone as brightly as ever, and the same playful smile, only sadder and more sweet, curled his lip, as, with his arms folded on his breast, and his slight, graceful form drawn up to its full hight, he looked proudly on the dark, ferocious faces around him.

"The mob, who appeared glutted with carnage, gazed a moment in silence on the noble form before them, and, strange to say, symptoms of compassion appeared in their countenances.

"'No, no! He is a brave boy. Harm him not!' was shouted by some artizans who had joined the outermost ranks.

"But the remorseless fiend, the negro, was not to be cheated of his victim. He sprang to his feet, and waving his bloody ax over his head, rushed forward, shouting—

"'No, my braves—down with the aristocrats!' and aimed a tremendous blow at Philippe. The love of life is instinctively implanted in the human breast, and the young man, who had seen the evident disposition in the mob to relent, skilfully evaded the deathly blow, and, taking advantage of the recoil, he seized the negro in his arms and dashed him on the pavement. The enraged wretch rose almost immediately. Philippe again sprang upon him. They closed and grappled with deadly energy. My heart throbbed quicker, and sent up an imploring cry to the God of mercy. I knew that Philippe was an accomplished wrestler, but I doubted his having sufficient strength to conquer the powerfully muscular frame of the black. For some time all his efforts were to induce his antagonist to relinquish the ax, which gave him a formidable advantage over him, and which, after a dreadful struggle, he at length succeeded in. They now fought on more equal terms. Twice did Philippe fling the wretch from him, and each time he renewed the conflict with fresh fury, until he received a sudden and well-directed blow on the chest. He staggered and fell, dragging young Daulnay to the ground with him.

"Philippe vainly endeavored to release himself from the tenacious grasp of the negro, and for some moments the slight, sinewy form of young Daulnay and the naked body of the black were blended in one undistinguishable mass, as they rolled and writhed upon the bloody pavement.

"Suddenly the limbs of the black were seen to relax—his struggles ceased, and Philippe slowly disengaged himself from his loathsome embrace, and rose to his feet. His face was pale from agitation and excitement—so deadly pale that I could trace every vein in his high forehead, but it still retained its expression of dauntless daring.

"'I am a true Frenchman, and no aristocrat!' he exclaimed, bending a firm glance upon the wild, excited faces of the mob, who had watched the strange combat with breathless interest, and the silence and attention invariably paid by them to a new spectacle.

"They might have relented, but at that moment a voice schouted—

"'Citizens, this fellow is an aristocrat! He has been secretary to that cursed knave Villegrew, and hates the people!'

"I turned and beheld the scowling, vindictive face of Salis, the notary's clerk. His words were sufficient. The savage passions of the mob, though momentarily awed, were irritated by the fall of their champion, the negro. Brandishing their clubs, with a wild yell they dashed forward. With the energy of young and vigorous manhood, poor Daulnay struggled with his murderers, still hurling numbers of them to the earth, until a blow from a gigantic blacksmith felled him to the ground. Quick as lightning I saw the fiend, Salis, spring forward and catch up the ax which lay upon the pavement—and clutching it with the strength of a giant, dashed aside the throng which surrounded the hapless youth.

"He stooped, and raising the half insensible form, gently passed his arm round the waist, gradually he raised it higher until it reached the head. He whispered some words. Philippe opened his eyes, but closed them instantly again. For a moment the wretch suffered his hand to thread the dark, luxuriant curls; then with a low, thick laugh, he twisted them round his fingers, and by a sudden and violent effort flung back the head upon the shoulders. He tightened his grasp until the marble countenance grew dark and livid, and the eyes distended and started from their sockets; then slowly he removed the linen and bared the snowy throat. An impatient shout broke from the mob. He looked up, raised his ax, and with a hoarse shout of triumph, buried it deep in the quivering flesh.

"A cold sweat bedewed my brow—a leaden weight seemed to have fallen heavily on my heart. I tried to move, but my limbs tottered and refused their aid. Oh, God! I murmured, and is it by such a monster that my beloved Elise has fallen! At the thought, like an electric shock, a change came over me; my brain burnt, and a species of insanity suddenly took possession of me, and I burst into a paroxysm of wild and prolonged laughter; then, with the frantic howl of a maniac, I tore my hatchet from my belt, and hewed my way through the mob. I looked around for Salis, and shouted his name, but the wretch had disappeared. I uttered a yell of disappointment. All shrunk back from me, and I rushed unmolested down the street. At that moment a peal of thunder reverberated in my ears; the clouds above me were rent, and torrents of rain descended, accompanied with vivid lightning, and a fitful rustling wind which came sweeping along in fearful gusts. The fury of the elements were in unison with the desolating tempest raging in my bosom, and reckless of its violence I dashed onward.

"The streets were totally deserted, except at the corners, where some rag-pickers and venders of roasted chestnuts were huddled over the embers of their half-extinguished fires, and a few houseless, dissolute vagrants, who stood shivering beneath the doors and porticos of the shops and public buildings.

"One crouching white-faced wretch flung himself before me as I passed, and with the whine of the practised mendicant petitioned for alms. The spirit of vengeance was in my heart; an insane hatred had taken possession of me. I raised my club, and would have rid him of his miserable life, but a better feeling overcame the fiend; I could not harm aught so vile and despicable; I spurned the cowering reptile from my path, and fled on.

"I had rushed along the quays, and had dashed with headlong rapidity through the dark and inextricable chaos of streets leading to the suburbs; and now the fresh green bosom of the open country, and the dark turbid waters of the Seine lay dim and misty before me. I flung myself on the green bank beside the river and burst into tears.

"When I rose up from my lonely resting place it was nearly dark. When I entered the city the shops were closing, and the streets looked dull and deserted. As I advanced they became more thronged, and sounds of riot and violence broke upon my ear. Turning a corner in one of the principal streets I found myself in the midst of a vast mob, composed of the lowest dregs of the people, and who were armed with pikes, spits, pokers and other instruments snatched up in the fury of the moment. The object of contention was a large lumbering wagon, such as is used by peasants to bring their goods to market. The roof of the wagon had been torn off, and, as I moved nearer, I perceived its only occupants were a young peasant, and a slight, delicate girl, wrapped in a cloak, whom he supported on his arm. A single glance, and I recognized the young peasant of St. Antoine. None of the brutal fierceness or *gaucherie* of the clown was visible in that face; it was deadly pale, but not the paleness of fear—the quivering and dilated nostrils—the flashing fire of the dark eyes, and the firmly compressed lips—every lineament breathed contempt and stern defiance.

"With a determination that nothing but death should separate them, the inanimate form of the girl (for she had fainted on his bosom) he had fastened to his own; the left arm, the fingers of which firmly clutched a sabre, was thrown around her; the other was extended with a pistol.

"Moved by the dauntless valor of the youth, and careless of my life, I was about to lend him my assistance, when the light of a torch falling on a face among the crowd transfixed me to the spot. It was the vile Salis, who, with furious gestures, pointed to the wagon.

"I had made a solemn vow to avenge my beloved wife—my martyred friends—and at the sight of the ferocious monster who had sat at their table and fed upon their bounty, all the fierce passions of my impetuous nature burst upon me in one appalling sweep. For a moment the shock was almost too great for me; my senses reeled; my veins swelled as if they would burst. Frantic with rage, I tore the ax from my belt and felled him to the ground. I did not wait for him to recover, but again and again repeated the strokes until the skull cleft and crushed in atoms beneath my strokes. I thought of my angel Elise—of my noble Philippe—until my heart grew hard within me, and I watched with triumph the last writhe of the convulsed and hideous features. Reckless of my perilous position, I still stood over the body, when I received a sudden and dreadful blow upon the head. A startling shout of 'To the lantern';* 'death to the aristocrat!' burst upon my ear, followed by a piercing shriek. I saw the affrighted horses spring forward followed by the yelling mob. I recovered my presence of mind, and, shouting the popular cry, I dashed after them.

"Though somewhat bruised from the blow I had received, I managed to extricate myself from the mob, and turned my step home. I met the boy Lanay on the stairs; he was laughing and muttering incoherent words. Fright has robbed him of his senses thought I; but my old landlady was smiling too, and looked strangely at me. My heart beat wildly; I sprang up, and, God be thanked, was clasped in the faithful arms of my Elise.

"To poor Lanay I was indebted for her recovery. She was a prisoner in the Temple, and the boy had discovered it by a singular accident. The porter of the gate had a son, a fine boy of twelve, whom he passionately loved. About six months previous, I had removed from his neck a large wen or goitre, which had frightfully disfigured it. The boy had recognized Lanay in the street, and to his inquiries, he said that Salis had confined Elise in a dungeon in the Temple. He took Lanay with him, and on his telling his father that it was my wife who was confined, the man, though of a rough and savage nature, nobly released her at the hazard of his own life.

"I did not immediately tell my poor wife of the wretched doom of her relatives, prefering to leave it to uncertainty. The following day, accompanied by our faithful Lanay, we left Paris, and arrived in safety in our little home in Brussiers."

* It was customary during the Reign of Terror to hang an obnoxious person to the nearest lamp-post or "lantern."

LOVERS.

There is not, in all nature, anything so utterly ridiculous as a man so much in love as not to be able to conceal it from the rest of the company. Not only is he ridiculous, but in time he gets to be a regular nuisance, and is as impertinent and tiresome as he was at first laughable. He is always either extremely happy or wonderfully wretched, without any apparent cause. This class of lovers, who would give their fortune for a curl of their sweetheart's hair, or a piece of her shoe-string, generally make the worst husbands in the world.

There is no more implacable enemy than he who feels he has wronged you; and no more unhappy man than such an enemy.

TIME.

The doctrine that time exists only in remembrance, may serve to explain some apparent inconsistencies in the language which we use respecting our sense of its passage. We hear persons complaining of the slow passage of time, when they have spent a single night of unbroken wearisomeness, and wondering how speedily hours, filled with pleasure or engrossing occupations, have flown; and yet we all know how long any period seems which has been crowded with events or feelings leaving a strong impression behind them. In thinking of seasons of ennui we have nothing but a sense of length—we merely remember that we felt the tedium of existence; but there is really no space in the imagination filled up by the period. Mere time, unpeopled with diversified emotions or circumstances, is but one idea, and that idea is nothing more than the remembrance of a listless sensation. A night of dull pain and months of lingering weakness are, in the retrospect, nearly the same thing. When our hands or our hearts are busy, we know nothing of time—it does not exist for us; but as soon as we pause to meditate on that which is gone, we seem to have lived long, because we look back through a long series of events, or feel them at once peering one above the other like ranges of distant hills. Actions or feelings, not hours, mark all the backward course of our being.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE STUDIOUS.

Every class of men have some characteristic amusements to which they are attached. What is relaxation to one, is probably labor to another. A man who has been confined to an office chair all day, when he wishes to divert himself, takes a walk, a mode of enjoyment quite alien to the notions of an unfortunate penny postman. Amusement consists principally in the excitement which the mind experiences from a change of ideas, and it is on this account that we so frequently find men taking pleasure in pursuits which appear entirely foreign to their usual habits and occupations. Thus we see the highest intellects delighting in trifles. Agesilaus diverting his children and himhimself with riding on a stick, and Scipio picking up shells on the sea-shore. This seems to be the reason why our poets do not carry their poetry into life, and why such a discrepancy exists between their biography and their verses. Literary men are often addicted to amusements which have nothing intellectual about them. Their object is to let their minds *lie fallow*, as a member of the agricultural committee would express himself, and they delight to abandon themselves to pleasures in which there is no waste of thought.

BEST MODE OF SECURING HAPPINESS.

What is the best mode of life for the attainment of happiness? This question has puzzled the philosophers of all ages. Pyrrho, denying the existence of any beatitude, maintained that life and death were alike, and when asked why he did not seek the latter, since the former was so little attractive, replied, "Because they are both indifferent to me." Crœsus placed the chief good in riches; Periander of Corinth in honor; Socrates in knowledge; Plato in idea; Orpheus in beauty; Milo the Crotonian in bodily strength; Thales the Milesian in the union of prudence and knowledge; Pittacus in benevolence; Aristotle in the practice and operation of virtue; and Epicurus affirms that happiness is the chief good, and virtue the only happiness. *Confirming this last theory by the sanctions of religion, we shall probably make the nearest approaches to perfect enjoyment which our nature will admit; and it may be laid down as an universal maxim, that no mind is so constituted as to be capable of unalloyed happiness while it can reproach itself with any crime towards man, however secret and undiscovered, since it must be always conscious of having offended a superior power from which nothing is hidden.*

LEARNING "BY ROTE."

Who would be made wise by compulsion, and what ignorance is poltroon enough to surrender at discretion? Moral lessons may be too pertinaciously obtruded; we may be reminded till we forget to listen, or we may retain the words and not the sentiment, learning our task by rote rather than by head or heart. This is the fault of modern education, which teaches the sound rather than the sense of things. Children taken from the nursery and pinned down to Latin and Greek, are instructed to name an object in three or four different languages, not to analyze its nature—a process which may often make them learned, but rarely wise; for as knowledge is not confined to names, a great linguist may be a great fool. It is an equal mistake to give children mental food which they cannot digest, and dangle aphorisms before their eyes, which they learn so early to repeat that they are sure never to feel their influence.

GOOD AND EVIL.

Natural good is so intimately connected with moral good, and natural evil with moral evil, that I am as certain as if I heard a voice from heaven proclaim it, that God is on the side of virtue. He has learnt much, as he has not lived in vain, who has practically discovered the strict and necessary connection that does, and will ever, exist between vice and misery, and virtue and happiness. The greatest miracle that the Almighty could perform, would be to make a bad man happy, even in heaven; He must unparadise that blessed place to accomplish it. In its primary signification, all vice—*that is all excess*, brings its own punishment even here. By certain fixed, settled, and established laws of Him who is God of Nature, excess of every kind destroys that constitution that temperance would preserve.

PRETENTIOUS GRAVITY.

"The gravest beast is an ass; the gravest bird is an owl; the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool."

Gravity is the very essence of imposture. A quack or a pretender is generally a very grave and reverend signior. While the shallow pedant endeavors to impose upon the world by a serious and pompous deportment, minds of a superior order will be often found abandoning themselves to playfulness and puerility. Plato, after discoursing philosophy with his disciples upon the promontory of Sunium, frequently indulged the gaiety of his heart by relaxing into a vein of the most trivial jocoseness; but once seeing a grave formalist approach in the midst of their trifling, he exclaimed, "Silence, my friends! let us be wise now; here is a fool coming." This man's race is not extinct.

Conjugal Affection.—A woman went into an apothecary's shop the other day, with two prescriptions, one for her husband and the other for her cow. She inquired what was the price of them, and the apothecary replied it was so much for the man and so much for the cow. The woman, finding that she had not enough money, reflected for a moment, and said, "Give me, at all events, the medicine for the cow; I can send for my husband's to-morrow."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858.

OUR ONLY TERMS.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1,50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail.

ALL LETTERS containing subscriptions, or in any way relating to either the editorial or business department of the paper, must be addressed to ROBERT BONNER, NEW YORK LEDGER office, No. 44 ANN street, New York. We will not guarantee the delivery of the paper when parties subscribe to any agent. Always send your money direct to this office, and be careful to give us the name of the Post-office, County, and State, to which you wish the paper sent.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, you should renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends hereafter to act as such you can put him down as a swindler.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are always dated from the beginning of the leading story, unless the subscriber informs us of the time when he wishes his subscription to begin.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former*, as well as his present address.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

A BETTER WAY.

No one can go beyond ourselves in a desire to celebrate with splendor and *eclat* the Nation's Anniversary of Independence, and the consummation of any great undertaking like that of laying the Atlantic Telegraph. Such celebrations in their intent are beautiful and necessary. But there are often many ways of doing a thing, and we should try to find out and adopt the best. Now, the beating of drums, the blaring of trumpets, the burning of gunpowder, and the discharge of fireworks may be very imposing, and to some even pleasant in their noise and smell, but see how evanescent, not to say semi-barbarous, they are. How long do they last?—a few hours. We cannot help thinking that some other mode of doing honor to patriotism, genius, and enterprise might be found which would afford a sufficient quantity of external splendor, would embrace more internal magnificence, and command a permanence in itself thoughtful, wise, and sublime. One mode has long been in our thoughts—the artistic mode. The corporation of New York devotes several thousand dollars yearly to the celebration of the glorious Fourth of July. *How is the money expended?*—mainly in drum-beating, gunpowder-explosions, and tawdry transparencies. Not a trace of the outlay remains after the expiration of twenty-four hours—except the mutilated arms of gunners, or the blinded eyes of some unfortunate bystanders. Suppose the money, year after year, should be expended in beautiful and sublime statuary—in the everlasting marble sanctified by the hands of genius, American genius perpetuating American patriotism, talent and energy! Let us be still more explicit. Sometime in the early part of the patriotic year let the Common Council vote those thousands of dollars to the creation of the statue of some illustrious soldier or statesman of the Revolution; let that statue be inaugurated on the Fourth in the Park, or some other public ground, with appropriate but splendid ceremonies, which need not cost more than a few hundred dollars. Thus within the lifetimes of many of our children already in existence, all of the most distinguished officers of the Revolution, the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the early Presidents would be eternized in marble, and our parks would be ornamented, aye, glorified with statuary more practical and more morally sublime in its meaning than the world has yet seen.

LOOKING BACK TOO MUCH.

We cannot conceive of a greater fault in literature than a persistent looking back through the vista of the Past, rather than manfully grappling with the Present. Man's eyes are *not* in the back of his head: a very slight glance will show that they are in the front. The Past is only useful as a pedestal, a vantage-ground on which to rear a structure in which the Present will be displayed, either by the pen, the voice, the brush, or the chisel. Who are the men of genius now affecting the world? Gladstone, with his huge, terrifying three octavos on Homer; or the novelist, throwing off week after week a romance of present life? Yendis, singing to infinity of the old fabulous god Balder; or the poet of the present day, whispering deep thoughts and sweet fancies about things that touch us and affect us in our every-day life?

He who depends on the Past is a cripple leaning on the tombs of giants—he who sails into the Future can, at best, be to us only a grand dreamer—he who manipulates the Present is a brave soul, too proud and too wise for crutches; too muscular and too earnest for dreams. The LEDGER may, to a considerable extent, venerate the Past, and respect the Future, but its motto has been and is, "*The World Around Us!*"

DEVOURED BY SHARKS.

There are sharks in the waters round about New York, and they have a keen relish for human flesh. Your shark is your true cannibal of the deep, the "Dead Rabbit" of piscine society. His nature is merciless and his appetite unappeasable. Like Oliver Twist, he is always ready for "more." And if a human form comes within the range of his one hundred and forty-four double teeth, he *takes* "more" without ceremony. Nor is he a respecter of persons. Nothing that has blood in it comes amiss to him. A tender, innocent boy, or a tough old sinner—a lean dandy, or a fat alderman—a delicate woman, or a hardy masculine, is thankfully accepted by this voracious gourmand. Three young men—two Americans and a Spaniard—were recently devoured by sharks, as it is believed, while bathing near Fort Hamilton. They disappeared suddenly, though good swimmers, and their bodies could not be found, and the water was slightly tinged with crimson where they went down.

MORE PLUCK AND MUSCLE NEEDED.

How is it that rowdies can with impunity attack a pic-nic party, in which the gentlemen outnumber them two to one, and insult the ladies and maltreat the children without receiving merited chastisement or even encountering the slightest opposition? Constant complaints are made that parties of pleasure are insulted and broken up by rowdies, although the latter may not number over half a dozen, while in the former there will be from fifteen to twenty men. In such cases, why are not the ruffianly intruders kicked out neck and heels? Could such outrages be perpetrated in any other country in Christendom? Verily not. Should a gang of ruffians thus attack a pleasure party in England, in which there were an equal or even a less number of British gentlemen or noblemen, the aggressors would be pretty certain to get the worst of it. As a general thing, a British gentleman or nobleman, however high-bred and fastidious, can defend himself against physical attack. He can handle his fists, or a club, as well as anybody, and he would sooner die on the spot than permit ladies under his charge, or children or relatives of his, to be wantonly assailed and brutally beaten before his eyes without making an effort to protect them. But in this country it is considered degrading for a man to be able to protect himself, or his wife, daughter or sister against physical violence. It is not "respectable" for a man to practice boxing, or do anything which will add to his personal security against ruffianly attacks. Consequently, in this country decent people are physically dwarfed. Their prowess and their courage are alike weakened to such a degree as renders them the victims of any bully who chooses to attack them. There should be a radical change in this respect. Our boys should be so trained physically as to make them hardy, robust and courageous. Instead of expanding their brain and narrowing their chest, as is now the custom, we should have physical and mental development go on together, that the arm may be able to protect the head. For our part, we would sooner have a son brought home on a bier, than see him sneakingly run, blubbering and sniveling, with some petty, youthful tyrant at his heels, to the protection of a hearth which he would not dare to defend against aggression.

OPPOSITION TO THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

A numerous, influential and active class, both in this country and in Europe, have come out in opposition to the Atlantic Telegraph, alleging that it will seriously incommode them in the prosecution of their business, and interfere with their movements, whenever they wish to travel from country to country. And there is no doubt that the Atlantic Telegraph will in many respects not only be the ruin of these gentlemen's business, but the death of themselves. The large, influential and active class who will be thus injured by "the greatest event of the age," are what may be called "international criminals," of every kind and degree. The bank president who embezzles half a million and runs off to Europe with it, will be ruined by a "telegram." Far beneath the rushing keel of the steamer which bears him across the deep, the subtle lightning will flash the story of his crime to the shore whither he is fleeing with his ill-gotten booty, and long before his arrival, preparations will be made to give him a "stunning" reception. And so it will be with the forger and the rogue of every degree, who seeks to put the ocean between himself and the scene of his crime. That game is blocked. Henceforward sea voyages will prove particularly improper for rascality. Defaulters should avoid the sea from this time forth, unless they conclude to make an end of the matter by going as deep as the cable itself. In truth, the "scientific triumphs" of these latter days are enough to make your jolly rogues weep. The boasted "march of intellect" cuts across their finest feelings, and ruthlessly tramples down their dearest hopes. Your cashiers, presidents of banks and railroads, treasurers of all manner of institutions, and other persons of that stripe, whose ideas of *meum* and *tuum* are dull and confused, must therefore look with displeasure and apprehension upon all these latter-day "triumphs of mind over matter." To them the Atlantic Telegraph cable is simply an exaggerated boa, stretched from continent to continent, for the purpose of crushing them in its remorseless folds. No wonder they are opposed to it.

STEALING INTO CONGRESS.

As the fall campaign is near at hand, and professional politicians are again about to resume their corrupt and corrupting work—the "ins" to *keep* themselves in, and the "outs" to supplant them—we want to do our part in discouraging the repetition of this scourge of former years. We know not how better to effect this than by reviving a story which was current many years ago, by way of an apt though somewhat ludicrous illustration, which runs thus:

Said a visitor at the National Capitol to an acquaintance, whom he found, very much to his surprise, occupying a seat in Congress from a distant State, to which he had imigrated long before from the questioner's own district,—

"How, in the world, did *you* manage to get here?"

"Oh! it was easy enough to manage *that*, unfit as I was for the station. *I stole a pig!*"

"Stole a pig! How, on earth, could that help you to an election? Is stealing a qualification for Congress out your way?"

"By no means," was the reply; "but I made an available lever of it, whereupon I was swung into my seat as one of the 'Honorables' here."

"How?"

"Why, you must know that I stole the pig from a political opponent. When he accused me of the act, which he was by no means slow to do, I raised the cry of '*Political persecution!*' and got elected by dint of sympathy for me, as a martyr to my principles. Ha! ha!"

At the next Congressional election the pig-stealer was defeated. He tried to float in upon the current of a false sympathy a second time, but he failed. His competitor had stolen a *sheep* during his absence at Washington, and thus beat him at his own game!

THANKS.

Thanks have been called the "exchequer of the poor." A more significant designation still would be the *currency* of the poor—that is, the *things paid out*, rather than the *place where* they are paid. But, unfortunately for this definition, it would disregard the important consideration that thanks lack the quality of "currency." They are not passable by the original receiver to his neighbors. They require a separate mintage in every heart. And herein consists the peculiar value of this species of coinage. It is intrinsic. It will allow of no representatives of values—no paper issues, or "*promises* to pay." It issues from hearts, and goes direct to other hearts, where it is received as a metal "precious," indeed.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

NOTES OF A SUMMER TOUR.

NUMBER III.

In all honesty, I cannot say that I like Montreal. It may be a very substantially built town—I believe that is what they say of it—but one likes beauty as well as strength, and my eye ached for something ornamental in the way of flower gardens, or, in fact, in any other way. Red coats there were in plenty, but they did not supply the deficiency. Then the never-ceasing bell-ringing, from early dawn to sunset, would soon drive me as mad as our "glorious Fourth" does every year, when gunpowder and bells and cannon have it all their own way, till one is tempted to wish one never had any "forefathers."

Of course the first thing that we saw at Montreal, as also at Quebec, was "NEW YORK LEDGER *Out*," all over the Canadian walls; and nobody can compute the thousands they said were sold there, so that I may get a boxed ear for saying what I have about Montreal, and as there is a possibility of it, I might as well be cuffed for half a dozen things as one, and so I'll go on and free my mind. And to begin with, I confess that I never could understand that curious piece of female mechanism, an English woman, who is shocked almost into fits at the way American women move, act, and have their independent being generally; who can get along with nothing but yea and nay, thee and thou, and the most formal, walk-on-a-crack strait-lacedness of demeanor and speech, and iced at that; who is ready to hold up hands of holy horror at the idea of an American parent or guardian allowing a young girl to be left *alone* with her lover one second before marriage; and yet these pattern icicles will strip (I know it is a shocking word, but it is the only one that will express my meaning,) upon going to a ball, or the theater, with a freedom that would make any decent American woman crimson with shame. I have seen this again and again, and yet the prudes lecture American women upon the proprieties. Truly, great is English propriety! I saw the same English latitude in dress at the theater in Montreal, where were assembled, with other ladies, many of the wives, daughters and sweethearts of the English officers. Of course, in a New York theater the awful voice of fashion would vote a ball-room dress "vulgar;" and even at the opera, where fashion goes to yawn, and whisper and ogle, ladies, as a general thing, wear their bonnets and opera cloaks, but the fair Montrealites, having but few places of public amusement, made the most of this, and of their personal charms also, and the result was stunning, even to the eye of that model of impropriety, an American woman. Mesdames, let us have no more lectures from English lips on "American female improprieties," till you pick this big beam out of your own eyes. As to the English officers, they were magnificent specimens of manhood; tall, broad-chested, straight-limbed, healthy, muscular, loveable looking men, not all dependent for their attractiveness either upon epaulette or uniform, with fine bass voices, and a jolly laugh that was a regular heart-warmer to hear.

Of course we saw *the* magnificent cathedral in Montreal. I did not think it necessary, as did a fellow traveler, one Sir Statistic, who forever had some unhappy wretch by the button, asking about "feet" and "inches," with pencil, paper, and "guide book"—how I hate a guide book! I did not think it necessary to inquire how many square feet there were in this immense building; I knew that there was one pair of feet in it that were *not* square, and that had to support the body to which they belonged till they ached, for want of a seat, as heretic feet should, I suppose, from a Montreal point of view, though the *locked* empty pews were very tantalizing. The sermon was in French, and if the eye of my old teacher should fall on this, I beg to say to her ladyship, that notwithstanding "she never could tell how *that* girl was ever going to learn French," and notwithstanding "that girl" has never rubbed up said French since she left school, yet she was able to understand the sermon, as also the French signs and labels so abundant in Montreal, as also some French remarks about herself, all the while looking as stupid as she very well knows "that girl" can. But to return to the cathedral. I hold up both hands for the largest liberty of conscience for everybody, and though I could not understand why one set of priests took such tender care of the hind lappets of another set of priests, spreading them reverently over the backs of their chairs for them, whenever they sat down, or why candles were burned in broad daylight, or why some kept sitting, and others kept kneeling, and bowing, and crossing themselves, or why some glided perpetually in and out from behind the altar, or why some swung incense, or why some were dressed in red and white, and some in black, and some in black and white, yet I was glad that this was a country where everybody could worship the way it best pleased him, and I have seen quite too much to condemn in other sects and faiths, to wish to interfere with this. The "confession boxes," some for English sins, some for French sins, some for Spanish sins, labeled each with the name of the human "father" into whose ears they were to be poured, gave me a long fit of thinking. My sins are many, but it is not *there* I would unburden my soul. Still, let all these religious problems work themselves out. For the priests, I must say, in all candor, that I have never seen a body of men—and I scanned them closely whenever and wherever I met them—with more purity, serenity, and perfect good-humored content expressed in their faces. Their life being active and out of doors, may in part explain this; but alas for the nuns! immured in those tomb-like walls; their cheerfulest employment listening to the moans of the sick and the groans of the dying, in the hospital wards under their roofs. I saw them come into chapel two and two, with downcast eyes, and pallid faces, shrouded by the black hood of renunciation, and kneeling on the floor, chant their prayers. Oh, the unnaturalness of such seclusion for a woman! If they could but leave outside the walls, upon entering, their human feelings, and really *be* the cold statues they *look*; but God help them, they do not; they are but women still, and some of them young, and one look into their faces told the story. Nothing could exceed the neatness of the nunnery we visited, or the apartments and bedding in them for the sick and disabled. One man whom we saw there had been strapped into his chair like an infant for *twenty-five* years, and there he sat, with a rosary between his helpless fingers, scarcely living, and yet, perhaps, with many a year of patient waiting for release before him. The outer door of the convent was opened for us by a young novice, whose sweet face, framed in pure white muslin bands, was beautiful to see. Poor child, sighed I, and in another moment I thought of the gay, bedizened misery in Broadway, and I said to myself, as I lingered to take another look at her, perhaps 'tis better so, and left her with a lighter heart.

I should not do justice to Montreal were I to omit to mention *the* drive of the place, "round the mountain." A New York gentleman whom we met in Montreal took us round, and I was glad I saw the city at parting to such good advantage; distance brightened it up wonderfully, and the St. Lawrence sparkled as gaily and as innocently in the sunlight, as if its waters did not play the mischief with every traveler who tasted them. There are many fine country-seats round the mountain. We saw, too, a "haunted house" in this ride, and verily the occupant was a ghost of taste, and had selected for himself most comfortable quarters, commanding as lovely a view as you or I, or any other ghost, would ever wish to see. I proposed leaving my card for him, with a view to better acquaintance, but the rest of the party were in flesh-and-blood humor, and evidently preferred returning to the manifold creature comforts to be had of our host of the Donegana House. We left next morning for Quebec, of which more anon. My kingdom for a horse blanket on that misty morning over the ferry! Instead we had two priests, buttoned up to their heels in long black robes, which I wanted most furiously to borrow, for I was shaking with cold, and New York cold and Montreal and Quebec cold, let me tell you, are two quite different things. When you get such a cough fastened on your lungs there as I did, you may believe it.

FANNY FERN.

INFLUENCE OF THE SABBATH ON HEALTH.

1. That ideas of proper fitness for appearing at divine worship, which are diffused through every Sabbath-keeping community, carry with them that attention to cleanliness, that change of apparel, and that regard for neatness of person, which is an important and wholesome change from the habits of the week.

2. The rest the Sabbath brings for the *body*, is another most important item. The physical machinery gets run down with the incessant and wearisome action of the week, and would soon be utterly prostrated and ruined, were it not that the Sabbath comes to the rescue. The Sabbath's refreshing rest restores the system and saves the health.

3. The same is true of the *mind*. It needs a periodical repose as much as the body, and without it would sink and carry the body with it to ruin. The exhausted intellect reposes quietly under the shadow of the blessed Sabbath, and can go with vigor and alacrity to renewed toil after its weekly rest.

4. Mental gloom and depression, by whatever means occasioned, act powerfully against the health; but the cheerful, life-giving, animating influences of an honored Sabbath tend to sweep away the clouds and darkness of the mind, and give that elasticity to the spirit which is so favorable to health.

5. All the various vices of society make destructive war upon the health; but the honored Sabbath acts with great energy and efficiency against them, and, to the extent that it represses them, it saves men from the exhaustion and diseases of sinful passions.

6. The effect of Sabbath influences is to give purity to the heart and peace to the conscience, and therefore to confer that quietness and tranquility of the mind, and that calm confidence in God, which saves it from those anxieties and excitements which are so prejudicial to health.

7. None can doubt that the overtasked energies of men in the irrational and intense desire after the fading things of this world have caused the frequent breaking down of the body and mind, resulting in premature decay, and diseases and death; but the hallowed influences of the Sabbath tend to promote just views of the proper objects of human pursuit, to calm and moderate desire, and thus save the system from those overworkings so prejudicial to it.

8. The laws of health, and man's obligation to obey them, are more clearly seen and more deeply felt where Sabbath influences enlarge the mind's views of all the great interests of this and another life.

In respect, therefore, to that single object, the preservation of health, we may regard the holy Sabbath as operating with great efficiency and as producing the most important results.

SOMETHING NEW AND FUNNY.

An English entomologist has lately used the "peculiar versification" of Hiawatha for a treatise on his science. Indeed he has given us "a whole manual of entomology." The work in a scientific point of view is really very accurate and valuable, while the facility with which rhythm is dragooned into matter-of-fact exercise may astonish any one. Our young readers, especially, will be pleased with the following microscopic description of the familiar cockroach:

Next in order take the cockroaches,
Swarming in our cookney kitchens,
In the cupboard, in the pantry,
In the bread-pan, in the meat-safe,
Every kind of food devouring,
Every kind of food defiling,
And most disagree'bly smelling,
Greedy gluttons, eating all things,
Hiding always in the daytime,
Hating daylight, hating sunshine,
Up and eating in the night time.
Their antennæ long and tapering,
Long and thin and very thread-like,
Very, very many jointed,
Head bent down beneath the thorax,
Fore wings large and tough and leathery,
Folding over one another,
Folding over both the hind-wings:
These are folded too beneath them,
And all lying on the body:
Their legs all alike and simple,
Formed for running, not for leaping;
And their feet are all five jointed,
Such are cockroaches *Blattena*.

PIC-NICS AND ROWDYISM.

The most outrageous actions are almost daily perpetrated in the vicinity of New York, upon pic-nic parties, by rowdies who obtrude themselves upon the excursionists. The most offensive language is used towards the ladies by these villains, and the air is oppressed with their profanity. They destroy the expected pleasures of the excursion; and before the party returns to the city they get into the most brutal fights and attack, without provocation, the peaceful and defenceless gentlemen of the company. On a recent occasion of this kind, a gentleman who was enfeebled by ill-health was set upon by a number of these ruffians, and, in the presence of his wife and children, beaten and mutilated to such a degree that his nearest friends could not recognize him. Even women and children do not escape the violence of these villains, but are often attacked by them and subjected to the most shameful brutalities. It has, in fact, become a too dangerous piece of business for a company of well-disposed people to seek relaxation from exhausting cares and labors in an excursion or pic-nic near this city, unless scrupulous care be exercised in evading the espionage and attendance of the villains who are constantly lying in wait for the opportunities which such pleasure parties afford for the perpetration of their ruffianly crimes.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

CRITICISM is like champagne—nothing more execrable if bad, nothing more excellent if good. If meagre, muddy, vapid, and sour, both are fit only to engender colic and wind; but if rich, generous, and sparkling, they impart a genial glow to the spirits, improve the taste, and expand the heart. A mere verbal critic is what no man of genius would be if he could; a critic of true taste and feeling is what no man without genius could be if he would.

IT will be possible for a man to have one set of opinions for the higher classes and another for the lower, only when they cease to see by the same sun, to respire by the same air, and to feel by the same sensorium. For opinions, like showers, though generated in high places, invariably descend into lower ones, and ultimately flow down to the people, as the rains unto the sea.

AN American author, of very great pretensions, gives notice that he has discovered some momentous truths, and that he shall unfold them from time to time "as men's minds can bear them." He is as considerate as the fire-fly, who was careful to reveal her bright tail *gradually*, lest she might blind creation by too sudden and vivid a flash of lightning.

IF a man is sincerely wedded to Truth, he must make up his mind to find her a portionless virgin, and love her for herself alone. The contract, too, must be to love, cherish and obey her, not only until death, but beyond it; for this is a union that must survive not only Death, but Time, the conqueror of Death.

THE life of nine-tenths of mankind is a gross error of calculation, since they attach themselves to the evanescent and neglect the permanent, accumulating riches in a world from which they are constantly running away, and laying up no treasures in that eternity to which every minute, every second, brings them near.

IF you have an ambition to be a popular writer, just take your seat at a window opening upon a large thoroughfare, and see what a motley crowd it is, high and low, mounted and pedestrian, well-dressed and ragged, that you've got to please.

A FRIEND of ours undertook, last week, to dry a few ounces of wet powder, by putting it in a tin pan a little distance from the fire. Either the pan was too hot or a spark flew into it. Our friend says that he never before knew such a "flash in the pan" in all his life.

IF you are determined to commit suicide on account of poverty, you can save the expense of three meals by doing the deed early in the morning instead of late at night.

SOME persons take knowledge as others take their snuff—that is, they not only stuff their heads with it almost to suffocation, but their pockets as well, and not without occasionally bespattering their neighbors with the superfluity.

THE teacher of a Southern female seminary advertises that two of his pupils, whom he says he kept constantly in his eye, have mysteriously disappeared. We wonder if he doesn't mean the pupils of his eyes.

A WESTERN writer recommends the smoking of cigars for the reason that it keeps off musquitoes. But why should a man create an odor around himself that not even a pestilent insect can live in?

A FEW days ago we had the gratification of seeing a little boy taken alive from under a sand-bank that had fallen on him. His terror had not turned his hair white, but he was decidedly sandy-haired.

"WHAT has been your business?" said a judge to a prisoner at the bar. "Why, your Honor, I used to be a dentist—now I am a pugilist; then I put teeth in—now I knock 'em out."

PERSONS who ascend together in a balloon may be the best friends in the world at starting, but they rarely fail, during their trip, to have high words, and come to hard blows.

SOME dogs are kept about houses simply to give the alarm at the approach of burglars. Like certain spice-trees, they are valued only for their bark.

PERHAPS nationality, after all, is but selfishness on a large scale—selfishness spread over the surface of a whole country.

"I DO wish, madam, you would pay a little attention to me for a few minutes." "Most gladly sir, if you will only promise to stop paying attention to me."

"YOU see, Doctor, I have to sweat for my living in this world." "Yes, but I am afraid you will have to sweat worse in the next."

IT is easier to find a thousand reasons why men should differ in opinion, than one why they should fight about it.

No doubt a lady may be expected to make a great noise in the world when her dress is covered all over with bugles.

"I WONDER, Lucy, how it feels to kiss one of those horrid creatures with a moustache." "Indeed, I don't know, but I'm going to get the boot-brush and try it."

GENIUS and gold are in one respect alike. Many persons are constantly writing about both who have neither.

CURRENT ITEMS.

Two little girls, aged respectively eleven and thirteen years, daughters of Thomas Barnum, of Ashtabula, Ohio, were recently drowned while bathing with a neighbor's child in the creek near the village. The eldest of the two girls could have saved herself, but nobly refused to leave her little sister to perish. When she found all her efforts were vain, she called to the neighbor's child that was on the bank—"We're lost! Go and tell mother." An hour afterwards the bodies were found, cold in death.

A FREIGHT train on the Newburg Branch Railroad was stopped by grasshoppers a few days since. Immense numbers of the insects had lit upon the road, and after the train had passed over and crushed myriads of them, the wheels of the cars, and the track, became so greasy that the wheels slipped upon the track and turned round and round without advancing. The track had to be covered with sand, before the train could proceed.

THERE is living in the Williamsburg District in South Carolina, a woman who is said to be upwards of one hundred and forty years of age. She was married before Washington got out of pinafores, and had ten children and one grandchild at the commencement of the Revolutionary war. She has been blind for thirty years, and is also deaf. Her voice is still strong and full, and her health excellent.

A CONDUCTOR of one of the city railroad cars was recently brought before the board of directors on a charge of kissing a pretty girl as she alighted from the car. He was about to be dismissed, when he asked permission to introduce the lady herself to testify in the case. Permission was granted, and the lady having appeared, proved to be the conductor's wife. He retained his situation.

THE construction of a line of telegraph to India by the Red Sea route has been determined on, the British Government having guaranteed four and a half per cent. on the requisite capital for fifty years. When this line is completed, we can send a message to Calcutta, via London, and get an answer the same day.

A WHITE ruffian recently insulted a beautiful young Chippewa girl at a village of that tribe, for which her friends rode him out of town on a rail, shaved off his hair and whiskers, and then tarred and feathered him. Those Indians are fast learning the practices of civilized communities.

A NEW HAVEN paper says that a case of wife-poisoning was recently discovered in Hartford, Conn., and *hushed up on account of the "respectability" of the parties!* The husband put arsenic in his wife's coffee, which she drank but did not swallow enough to kill her.

As a couple of children (boy and girl), in Georgetown, Ky., were playing with a vial of hartshorn, the little girl spilled the contents of the vial in the mouth of the boy, who swallowed a portion of the hartshorn and died in a few hours.

A COLORED man named Goldring, living in Toronto, recently struck a man named Grogan, with an ax, upon the shoulder, and cut him down through three ribs to the heart, killing him instantly.

A CAN of camphene was thrown into a bonfire in New Haven, a few days since, when it exploded, and the flames injured a young man standing near, so badly that he has since died.

A GERMAN, in Chicago, recently became enraged at his little girl, five years of age, and split her head open with an ax.

A VICIOUS dog recently attacked a young man in Baltimore, and though the latter was not seriously hurt he died with fright.

THE Supreme Court of Massachusetts have decided that crib-biting by horses is unsoundness.

MY CREED.

BY ALICE CARY.

I do not think the Providence unkind
That gives its bad things to this life of ours,
They are the thorns whereby we travelers blind,
Feel out our flowers.

I think hate shows the quality of love,
That wrong attests that somewhere there is right:
Do not the darkest shadows serve to prove
The power of light?

On tyrannous ways the feet of Freedom press—
The green bough broken off, lets sunshine in
And where sin is, aboundeth righteousness,
Much more than sin.

Man cannot be all selfish—separate good
Is nowhere formed beneath the shining sun
All adverse interests, truly understood,
Resolve to one!

I do believe all worship doth ascend,
Whether from temple floors by heathen trod,
Or from the shrines where Christian praises blend,
To th' true God:

Blessed forever—that his love prepares
The raven's food—the sparrow's fall doth see;
And, simple, sinful as I am, He cares
Even for me.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

WOMAN'S DEVOTION AND FORTITUDE.

Doctor Burke found the companions of our hero more or less severely injured; but their state, fortunately, inspired no fear for their ultimate recovery. Poor Jack Manders proved the greatest sufferer, as well as the most refractory of his patients; for, although the grateful fellow could scarcely stand, he insisted so long and strenuously on being removed to the bedside of his benefactor, and watching over him himself, that it required all the doctor's authority to induce him to relinquish his design—it seemed to him a dereliction of duty to permit any one else to supply his place.

As for Mark Rayner, happier than the rest, he was attended by his devoted wife: no wonder that he recovered fast.

In illness there is no hand like woman's to smooth the pillow—moisten the parched lip, or wipe the cold, damp dews of agony from the throbbing brow. In misfortune, her voice is the first to offer consolation; in death, to whisper the hope which follows true repentance.

In every relation of life—as daughter, sister, wife, or mother—woman's mission is a sacred ministry; too often, alas! misunderstood, and still more frequently unrewarded, by the return of that affection which constitutes at once her weakness and her strength.

Man should remember this, and the harsh word would die upon his lips unspoken. The blow—but we dare not pursue the subject: for no appeal our pen may trace can touch the heart of a wretch capable of raising his hand to strike where heaven most loves, and manhood is most bound to guard.

Our readers, who have followed the progress of Mark Rayner, are too well acquainted with him by this time to suppose for an instant that these observations are intended to apply to him; for, with all his faults, he had never ceased to fondly love his wife—to feel proud of her virtues and the principles he lacked strength of mind to imitate. His errors, not to use a harsher term, had arisen from weakness of character. Like hundreds of husbands, he lacked resolution to say "No" to the solicitations of idle, dissolute companions: and thus, without being naturally vicious, had paid, as is frequently the case, the bitter penalty of vice.

Rose, happy in her present prospects, forgot the past; and, when her repentant husband would have alluded to it, silenced his self-reproaches with a generous kiss.

For several days the life of Richard depended on a thread so fragile, the slightest shock—a breath too rude—must have severed it; but friendship and affection watched over him. Poor Lillian, heart-broken and despairing, with more than human fortitude, restrained her tears, and decked her wan features during the few moments she was permitted each succeeding morning to visit him.

"For my sake," were the only words she dared trust herself to utter; but they fell with affection's balm upon the sufferer's ears—spoke music to his heart; at her presence the shadows of death appeared to recede. True, they returned again, but each time fainter than before; and Burke, who was unremitting in his attentions, at last began to speak confidently of his hopes.

Meanwhile, Sir Charles Fourreau had not neglected the means of defence so providentially placed at his disposal. With immense labor, the heavy guns of the rajah were dragged from their places of concealment, mounted upon the walls, and the ample supply of ammunition carefully removed. Worn as they were, and diminished in number, not a man of the 01st but endured his toil cheerfully, for his commander and officers shared it with him.

As for Major Plinlimmon, having formerly served in the artillery, he considered himself peculiarly called upon to superintend the operations, and, to do him justice, worked at them day and night. Never, perhaps, had the old soldier felt a prouder moment than when he beheld his pets, as he facetiously called them, placed in position.

"Let the rascals come," he said, "only let them make their appearance within range; I ask no more."

"You forget my patient," observed Burke, gravely.

"So I did," observed the warm-hearted Welshman; "well, then, I hope they will not come till the poor fellow can stand the music of their voices. How differently we are constituted," he added: "it would revive me, and recall the ebbing life-blood to my heart, even if I were in extremis, as you doctors call it."

The hope, like many others in this world, was destined to prove a false one; for, on the evening of the very day on which the preparations were completed, the long-expected forces of the Begum joined those of the rebel rajah at the fort.

"Five thousand of them at the very least," philosophically observed the major, as he saw them defile, troop after troop, upon the plain. "Warm work to-morrow, I can predict that."

"Sorry to hear it," replied the doctor, who, with a thoughtful brow and hesitating step, proceeded shortly afterwards to the apartment of Lady Bell and Lillian.

"It is almost too much to exact, even from woman's fortitude and devotion," he muttered to himself; "but it must be tried, for it is the only chance of saving him."

It was only by unremitting watchfulness, joined to great professional skill, that the speaker had succeeded in suppressing those symptoms of fever which, in the feeble state of our hero, in all probability would have terminated fatally. To accomplish this, he had permitted only a subdued light to penetrate the cell of his patient, forbidden the visits of Lillian and Lady Bell to be prolonged beyond a few brief moments, and, above all, prohibited the slightest word or sound that might increase the susceptibility of the nervous system, already too much excited; and now he was menaced with the horrors of an attack, the cannon's roar, and worse than all, the tortures of suspense—anxiety for those he loved.

There appeared but one way of meeting it. Burke knew the hearts of those to whom he trusted to carry out his idea, and the result did not disappoint him.

Lady Bell and Lillian entered the chamber of the patient at the usual hour the following day, but instead of withdrawing, as usual, after a brief visit, pleaded, as had been preconcerted, with the doctor for permission to remain.

Burke affected to look serious.

"I am stronger," murmured Richard; "indeed, I am stronger, although I cannot find words to tell you how much good their presence does me. I feel no pain whilst they are by my side."

"You would exert yourself too much."

"No," interrupted the invalid; "I will not speak. It will be happiness enough to gaze in the eyes of Lillian, mark the returning flush of health upon her cheek, and indulge my heart in waking dreams of love."

"Well," said the doctor, "I shall see how you keep your promise; should I find that you exert yourself too much, or become excited, I must withdraw the permission."

The two ladies seated themselves, one on each side of the couch. Little did its occupant imagine, as he gazed upon their placid features, the efforts it cost them to control their feelings, for scarcely an hour had passed since they had bade

LADY BELL AND LILLIAN WATCHING BY RICHARD'S COUCH DURING THE SEPOYS' ATTACK UPON THE TEMPLE.

what might prove a final adieu—Lady Bell to her husband, Lillian to her second father.

"Shall I read to you, Richard?" whispered the latter.

Her lover smiled consent, and the fair girl instantly commenced, with an unfaltering voice, the sublime liturgy of the church. On arriving at that portion of it in which we are taught to pray against battle, murder, and sudden death, her hearer pronounced the response, "Good Lord deliver us," with the deepest fervor. All but our hero were aware that the perils they implored protection against were drawing near.

At the conclusion of the prayer Fred Wharton joined the group; he wore a cheerful air, and smilingly gave his hand to his friend.

"I have but a few moments to remain with you," he observed, in a careless tone. "The major is about to exercise the guns which we have at last succeeded in mounting upon the walls; it is necessary," he added, "to ascertain their range."

"I positively forbid it," exclaimed Burke; "Plinlimmon must postpone it for a day or two. How does he imagine my patient can endure the report?"

"Not on my account," said Richard, cheerfully; "I can bear it, I feel assured I can, now that I know the cause. To be here, wounded and helpless, whilst those dearest to me were waging an unequal contest with our savage foes would, I confess, prove too great a trial for my philosophy or strength, but mere practice—my nerves are not so irritable as you imagine."

The doctor pretended to forego his remonstrances with well-acted reluctance, and the young officer returned to his post upon the walls, where he found Sir Charles and Plinlimmon anxiously watching the troops of the rajah and his new ally, as they defiled in dark masses across the plains.

"It will be no child's play," observed the former, as he mentally calculated their force.

"I trust not," answered his companion, in a cheerful tone; "I am tired of being cooped up in these infernal walls, and should like the regiment to have the credit of defeating the rascals before the arrival of our friends. How astonished the rebels will be," he added, "when our guns open on them. I long to hear the music of their hungry voices."

More than an hour elapsed before this wish, so natural from the lips of an old soldier, was gratified. The besieged waited with the utmost patience till the rebels were sufficiently near to render their fire effective.

At the first discharge of the cannon, the colonel gave one sigh to those who were so dear to him; the next moment every energy and thought were devoted to his country.

"Beautifully pointed!" exclaimed the excited major, when he beheld the deadly havoc the shower of grape had caused in the advancing columns. "The balls plough deeply; see what a gap they have left in their lines."

Above the roar of battle, which now begun in earnest, the deep, stern voice of the commander of the 01st might be heard giving orders, as coolly as though he and his regiment were on the parade-ground.

The leader of the rebels was so disconcerted at finding the walls of the temple defended by numerous artillery, that it was some time before he recovered sufficient presence of mind to change his plan of attack, and direct his attempts against the north side of the building, whose defenders, however, had forestalled his movement, by bringing several of their guns to bear in the direction menaced.

"Display your lines as much as you will," said Plinlimmon, affectionately patting one of his pieces, "we are ready for you."

When the report of the cannon fell, like a thunder-clap, upon the ears of Richard, those around him noticed that a faint flush suffused his cheek, that he fixed his eyes anxiously upon those of Lillian, who replied to his silent inquiry by a smile that might have done honor to a martyr's courage.

"I am afraid," observed the doctor, "that the noise will prove too much for you; I had better send a message to the major to stop it."

"No," replied our hero; "it was but the first emotion. My nerves, I fear, are greatly shattered."

"Remember my injunction," interrupted Burke, placing his finger upon his lips.

"Not another word," said Lady Bell, seating herself by the side of the patient, and taking one of his hands in hers; "remember, we are only here upon condition that you keep absolute silence."

These words were interrupted by a second report, which echoed fearfully through the halls of the temple, and caused the blood to rush to the heart of the speaker, who knew that at the very moment she was thus forcing her features to belie her feelings the husband of her affection was exposed to the chances of an unequal contest.

This time the wounded man betrayed no emotion—fully believing in the well but painfully acted deception, he felt convinced that the warlike major was merely practising the guns.

And thus for several hours did these heroic women endure the torture of suspense, the agony of doubts that rend the heart—endure them without a murmur or a tear.

Tears would have been a relief, but they dared not shed them.

Never had Burke, the only spectator of this extraordinary scene, felt so deeply imbued with love and admiration for woman's fortitude and woman's strength, as when contemplating their silent martyrdom. He had witnessed many a noble deed upon the battle-field, where the force of example, the trumpet's clang, the shout of triumph and the excitement of the conflict, lend their powerful aid to maintain the soldier's courage, but never one more heroic than the suppression of their sufferings; not a word of impatience, a look or cry of anguish escaped them; and if, at each fresh discharge, an inquiring glance, or one of doubt, rested for an instant upon their features, a smile quickly dissipated it.

"Hark!" said our hero, as the cry of human voices rose above the battle's din, "something unusual is going on."

"Our brave fellows shouting defiance to the enemy, nothing more," philosophically observed the doctor.

And with this reply, his patient appeared once more satisfied.

There is a limit to human strength, if none to human weakness; had the trial lasted much longer, the self-possession of Lillian and Lady Bell must have given way. Just as their feelings were stretched to the utmost tension, the corporal entered the cell, looking as cool and unconcerned as if he had been taking a siesta all the while, instead of a share in a hard-fought battle. Saluting his mistress, as he generally did military fashion, he gravely informed her that Sir Charles wished to see her.

"Where is he?"

These were the only words the agitated wife could utter.

"Walking in the adjoining hall," replied the old man.

Lady Bell tottered, rather than walked, from the presence of the lover of Lillian, and the next moment found herself clasped to the bosom of her gallant husband.

"We have beaten the rebels!" exclaimed the veteran, proudly; "the victory is won: not a foe remains before our walls."

This was indeed a source of triumph, but a still nobler victory had been achieved by the brave woman, who now reclined, sobbing and half senseless, in the arms of her husband.

A week was permitted to elapse before Burke deemed it prudent to inform his patient that the firing he had heard, instead of being caused by exercising the guns, had been made in repelling an attack.

"Doctor," said our hero, struck with admiration at the fortitude Lillian and Lady Bell had both shown, "I fear, with all our strength of character, woman's strength surpasses ours."

"You are right," answered the man of science; "and do you know why it does so?"

"Because it springs from the heart," replied Richard, after a moment's reflection; "whilst ours is from the head alone."

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

THE FINAL ASSAULT OF THE SEPOYS.

The calm that followed the assault of the rebels upon the temple proved a treacherous one. Something like that lull which precedes the waking of the tempest; there was menace even in its stillness, danger from the absence of those signs which are presumed to indicate its approach. The peril that now threatened the reduced garrison proved far more insidious than the cunning sepoy, or the fanatical follower of Mahomet, for it was one against which no courage or foresight could guard: it rode on the air, penetrated the closest barred gates, and struck its victims in the full flush of health and fancied security.

In other words, the jungle fever made its appearance in the already reduced ranks of the gallant 01st.

Those who have resided in India, and witnessed the ravages of this fell disease, will readily understand the disheartening terror its presence caused. The jungle is not that violent kind of fever which excites to madness, runs riot in the veins, and in a few short hours prostrates the strong man till he becomes weak and helpless as a child, but one of a slow, consuming character, that gradually taints the blood, undermines the energies, and paralyzes the will, crushing it with sluggish apathy, lowering alike the moral and physical tone of the victims it has breathed upon.

The countenance of Dr. Durke looked exceedingly gloomy as he made out the daily list of sick, whose number increased with frightful rapidity; as for the wounded, they were doing well, our hero and the three companions of his wild adventure being by this time convalescent, or nearly so.

It was a hard time for the commander and officers of that beleaguered band. Within the walls, pestilence; without, an enemy numerous and ferocious, whom repeated defeats had not disheartened, eager and impatient for their blood, and still no sign of the promised succor. Sir Charles, however, proved himself fully equal to the emergency; every precaution that human prudence could suggest, was taken against a surprise. The sick he left to Heaven and the doctor, whose heroic exertions were seconded by the devotion of Mrs. Burke, Lillian, and his own strong-hearted wife, who passed their days, and most of those hours of the night which should have been spent in repose, in administering to the wants of their brave defenders. It was a touching sight to witness how the dim eye would brighten, and the parched lip quiver with a half-uttered blessing, as their delicate hands smoothed the hard pillow, or ministered the cooling draught.

Poets and painters, as if by common accord, have agreed to represent the angel of pity in a female form, a unity of idea which may be traced no less to the inspiration of Heaven than their own genius. The seraphim, bending in awe-rapt devotion over the mercy-seat, were made in the likeness of woman.

As for Burke, although perfectly aware that his exertions would meet with no other recompense than the proud consciousness of having performed his duty, and *perhaps* the casual mention of his name in a despatch, he remained day and night at his post, preparing the medicine with his own hands, watching every phase of the disease, and trying all that professional skill and foresight could suggest, to baffle its fatal ravages. Like a true soldier of humanity, he thought not of himself, the danger to his own life, the risk, the weariness of his endless task, but persevered with a courage which lofty motives and the purest philanthropy alone could have sustained.

It is one of the faults, may we not say the sins, of governments, that they have no rewards for deeds of quiet heroism. The officer who is the first to mount the breach, pluck the standard of the enemy from the captured walls, or lead a dashing charge, is certain of receiving some honorary distinction, even though it should afterwards be proved that the charge was a blunder; whilst the army surgeon, who, on the battle-field or amid the horrors of the hospital, calmly faces death, is left unnoticed. Fame has no place upon her lists for such achievements, government no memory, or the trading politicians of the present day tongues to remind it of them, and they never will have, so long as human beings prefer the glitter of tinsel to gold.

There was something wearying in the waiting, day by day, in the hope of the long-promised succor so unaccountably delayed.

The officers were assembled as usual for the mess; but it was not till after the dinner hour that the conversation became general, when Dawlish, who had long been heartily tired of the war, and was heated with wine, observed that, had he been governor-general of India, the revolt should long since have been stifled.

"How so?" demanded the major.

"Six months' batta would have settled the affair."

"It would have been both useless and impolitic," replied the colonel. "The gauntlet, once thrown down, England would have lost her *prestige* by showing weakness. Mark my words," he added; "the war will prove a war of extermination."

"Better that," said Plinlimmon, "than being cooped up with fever to decimate us in these accursed walls."

At this moment Dr. Burke entered the mess-room to make his usual report of the sick.

"The rascals have been petted and spoiled," he observed, alluding to the sepoys, "and this is their gratitude; but I have long foreseen the result of our yielding to their demands."

"You!" repeated his hearers.

"You are aware," continued the speaker, "that I served with the gallant Napier, who foretold the result of this truckling to the men we had armed and trained; but, like most prophets, he was unheeded."

"And very properly so!" exclaimed Dawlish. "I have often considered myself fortunate in not having served under 'Charley,' as the soldiers call him."

"Why fortunate?" demanded the doctor, who entertained a profound veneration for the memory of the conqueror of Scinde.

"He was a martinet."

"He was a soldier, every inch!" replied the former, warmly; "one of those men of iron hearts and frame who rise from time to time to arrest a nation's decadence. He had but one motto—duty; and he performed it as a Christian and a soldier should do."

"You are warm, sir," observed Dawlish, annoyed at the tone of the speaker.

"Not more so than the occasion warrants," observed Fred Wharton, who had hitherto remained a silent listener to the conversation.

"I can answer——"

"Pardon me, Burke," interrupted the cornet, "but this is a point on which it is not less my privilege than pride to speak. Sir Charles Napier was nearly connected with me, and I claim the right to defend his memory."

There was silence. A claim so urged was felt by all present as too sacred to be disputed.

"I am not aware," said Dawlish, with difficulty mastering his passion—but he did master it, for he recollected the scene in the riding-school with the revolver, and the lesson was not thrown away upon him—"that the memory of Sir Charles Napier has been assailed, either as a soldier or a gentleman, and certainly not by me.

"As for my congratulating myself upon not having served under him," he continued "that is a matter of taste."

"And of pluck," muttered the major, who began to doubt the courage of the duelist.

"You spoke of him as a martinet," he added, aloud.

"Is there anything offensive in the term?" demanded Dawlish, who found himself pushed rather harder than he had calculated upon. "Martinet, major? why, I have heard you call the Iron Duke by the same name, when relating how he put you under arrest in Spain, for attempting to scale the fortress of Badajos before he had given the word."

The Welshman shrugged his shoulders impatiently—he could not deny it—the assertion was correct.

"There neither is or can be any cause of quarrel," said Sir Charles Fourreau, whose opinion was naturally looked up to with respect. "Mr. Dawlish has already declared that he intended no offence."

"Certainly not," exclaimed the latter; "and I state it the more readily from the respect I bear to a brave man's memory. Having said this much," he added, "if Cornet Wharton feels dissatisfied, the initiative rests with him, not with me."

"*My conduct since I have had the honor of holding a commission in the regiment,*" observed the latter, "has, I trust, sufficiently proved to my brother officers that I am the last man in the world to *seek* a quarrel."

"Certainly," was the general exclamation.

"*Or shrink from one if forced upon me,*" added the speaker, in a tone which Dawlish alone comprehended.

Every one agreed that it was *unnecessary* the affair should be pursued any further; that it had ended as it ought to end. But it left a disagreeable impression on the mind of him whose intemperate words had provoked it. He could not comprehend the calm, the icy coldness of Fred Wharton; it annoyed him, perhaps, more than the most open expressions of aversion or hostility could have done.

"What can the fellow mean?" he mentally asked himself. "I wish he would speak out, so that I could understand him."

But it was not the coronet's cue to speak out.

Although the officers had come to the conclusion that the affair was at an end, there is every reason to suppose the quarrel would not have terminated as it did, but for the appearance of the enemy the following day before the temple; when all personal feelings were merged in the necessity of facing the common danger—of maintaining in the face of revolted India the *prestige* of the Saxon sword and race; or, if defeated, leaving to their country a memory and a name of which England might well be proud.

This time the attack was conducted with far more skill and prudence than the preceding ones; the guns of the rajah being admirably served by artillerymen, deserters from the Bengal army. At each fresh discharge the iron shower swept the walls, whose defenders were now reduced to four hundred effective men—so greatly had war and fever thinned the ranks of the gallant 01st.

Perceiving at last that the defenders began to waver, for more than a third of them had already fallen, the triuphant rajah directed his troops to bring ladders in order to scale the walls, and the order was received with the cry of "Death to the Feringees!" by the excited sepoys, upon whose fanaticism the Brahmins had worked by predictions of success.

The attempt was directed against the north side of the edifice, as being the point best covered by the guns of the rebels.

A cry that the enemy were scaling the walls echoed through the temple, and was heard even in the hospital.

Then followed one of those scenes which find their parallel only in the pages of some antique chronicle or deathless story. The wounded and fever-stricken men rose from their pallets, and, calling for arms, insisted upon being led to fill up the gaps the fire of the enemy had made in the ranks of their comrades. It was vain to oppose their resolution; even the voice of Burke was unheeded. With stern resolution they issued forth, and tottered rather than marched to the wall.

It is not to be supposed that, in a contest like the present one, our hero or Jack Manders were content to remain idle spectators. In presence of danger to the being he so truly loved, Richard forgot the weakness his wounds had left, and fought with the fury and courage of despair.

A blow from the butt-end of the musket he wielded crushed in the skull of the first rebel whose head appeared above the parapet; a second, third, and fourth followed with the same result;

for his blows were ably seconded by those of his companion.

Still the assailants mounted to the walls with terrible rapidity, and it soon became a hand-to-hand contest, in which the butt-ends of the Englishmen's muskets did good work. One fellow, a leader of the sepoys, whose wiry, active frame denoted vast strength, had already obtained a footing upon the rampart, when Fred Wharton leveled his revolver with the intention of shooting him; it missed fire, and the brawny rebel, springing upon the young officer, a fearful struggle ensued—a death-grapple, to whose intensity the swelling muscles and strained sinews of the combatants bore witness.

Richard and Jack Manders perceived the danger of their friend, and hastened to his aid. The Hindoo saw their approach, and, with a courage which a better cause would have rendered sublime, succeeded in dragging the cornet to the edge of the rampart.

An involuntary cry of horror broke from those who witnessed it; but though a dozen muskets were raised, not a trigger was pulled. Each one feared to fire, lest, in the sudden changes of position—the twistings and contortions of the combatants—the wrong man should be struck.

Jack, whose quick eye and self-possession never for an instant deserted him, saw that the strength of Wharton was giving way. There was but one thing to be done, and he resolved to attempt it. Snatching up one of the long, knife-like weapons which the assailants who had been hurled from the walls had dropped, he crept towards the edge of the parapet, and rapidly plunged the blade into the body of the Hindoo. The rebel felt that he was mortally wounded, but even in death, with the fanaticism of his creed and race, determined not to fall unavenged. With a wild yell of triumph, and shouting the word "Dean!" he sprang from off the wall, bearing his assailant with him.

A low, chuckling sound broke from the lips of Dawlish as he witnessed the terrible fate of the only man he feared: it might have been horror; but those who heard it most distinctly declared that it sounded very like a laugh.

The tears which started into the eyes of our hero for a few instants rendered him insensible to all that was passing.

There was but brief time for indulging in the natural feelings of the heart; for again the triumphant cries of the rebels, who had succeeded at last in shattering the gates, called every Englishman upon the walls to the court-yard to make a last stand. Bravely did they contest every inch of ground between them and the main building in which the women, the wounded, and sick had been conveyed for refuge. Thrice did the fever-stricken band of heroes beat back their ferocious enemies, and reclose the broken gates.

As Sir Charles performed this dangerous task for the last time with his own hands, a loud cheer broke from the men.

To their astonishment it was returned. The sound came from a distance; but there was no mistaking the sound. English tongues alone could have given it forth.

"Are we dreaming?" exclaimed the colonel, involuntarily dropping his reeking sword.

"The relief!" shouted Corporal Stock, who, finding that the assault was going against the garrison, had removed the wife of his commander and Lillian to the loftiest dome of the temple, in order to protect them to the last. "I can see the flash of the bayonets as they glisten in the sun. The rebels have seen them, their cavalry is already retreating towards the fort."

On hearing this cheering intelligence, the soldiers clamorously demanded to be led forth. It was useless to attempt opposing their enthusiasm—enthusiasm is scarcely the word, it should have been madness, triumph. The battered gates were thrown open, and every man, whose strength permitted him still to shoulder a musket, issued forth to give the sepoys a parting volley.

When the reinforcement so long promised at last swept the plain, the brigadier who led them could not sufficiently express his admiration of the desperate defence.

"Although I must insist upon relieving your gallant fellows from all duty," he observed, "you Colonel Fourreau must still retain the command of the place you have so bravely defended against fearful odds."

Raising his sword, he saluted the battered colors of the 01st, which still floated proudly on the walls.

"Victory dearly purchased," murmured Richard, as he thought of his friend, whose body the men of the cornet's troop anxiously sought in order to give it a soldier's burial.

Amid the heap of slain it was nowhere to be found; but so far from the circumstance inspiring any vain hope, it added to the affliction of our hero.

"Carried off!" he bitterly exclaimed, "by the cowardly enemy, wretches who neither respect the living nor the majesty of the dead."

In a few days operations were commenced against the fort, which the united forces of the British soon dismantled; after which operation they slowly directed their march towards Delhi.

Whilst the rescued band of heroes were marching to the seat of future triumph, we must request our readers to suppose a month or two had passed, and return with us, once more, to England.

Our readers may readily suppose that Mr. Bently awaited the arrival of each fresh packet from India with intense anxiety; for intelligence of the revolt which was to shake the power of England in the East had already reached him, and he was far too clear-sighted not to perceive the danger which threatened every European inhabitant.

How bitterly did he regret the past. What would he not have sacrificed had it been possible to have recalled it! The absence of our hero had left a void in the old man's heart which wealth, or the excitement of acquiring it, had long ceased to fill.

At last the long-expected letters arrived. There were two. The first one in the handwriting of Mr. Curry. It ran thus:—

"My dear old Friend,—It is with the most poignant regret I inform you of the death of your unfortunate grandson, who has been cut off by a party of rebels whilst on his way to join some friends who had preceded him to the seat of war. I inclose your correspondant's letter. I would offer you consolation if I knew how; but I am a parent myself, and feel how fruitless the attempt must be. May Heaven enable you to support the terrible infliction."

"Alone!" murmured the old man, when the words which seared his heart had been read to the last line: "I have nothing to love or live for now!"

In his hour of anguish the merchant forgot that he had still a daughter.

When the old servant, who scarcely ever quitted him, entered the library, he was much shocked by finding his master to all appearance lifeless. His first care was to raise the body, the next to despatch a messenger for Dr. Phrase, who, on his arrival, attempted to bleed his patient, but for some time the life-blood refused to flow.

"Dead!" murmured the domestic, in a tone of sorrow; for Mr. Bently had been a kind master to him, and he felt his loss keenly.

A few drops began slowly to ooze from the opened vein.

"Nothing of the kind," replied the pompous man of science, "although very near it; something dreadful must have occurred," he added, "to occasion so great a shock."

"No doubt, sir," said the man; "he has been worrying himself about letters for several days past; I quite dreaded their arrival."

At the word "letters" the doctor, whose curiosity was aroused, began to look round him, and discovered them upon the table, one open, the other with the seal unbroken.

"Hold his arm," he said to the housekeeper, who had been called in there. "That will do; the blood begins to flow with more freedom now."

The woman did as she was directed, and the speaker taking up Mr. Curry's letter, would have read it, had not the faithful domestic restrained him.

"They can't concern you, sir," he said, in a tone at once both firm and respectful.

"Hem! No, certainly not; and yet, my good fellow, it would be better for me to peruse them."

"Don't see it."

"Of course not; how should you?" replied the doctor. "But it is of the utmost importance that I should ascertain whether the shock proceeds from mere business or from feelings which act more directly upon the heart. The diagnosis of the disease," he continued, "may be enlightened by——."

"I know nothing about the *nostic* of the disease," observed the servant; "but I know that master would not like his letters to be read, and they shan't be."

Phrase bit his lips and remained silent, whilst the speaker gathered up the contents of the two packets, folded the letters, and placed them in his pocket.

"You are very suspicious," observed the doctor.

"Not in the least, only prudent," was the reply.

Mr. Bently was removed to his chamber and placed in bed. To do the doctor justice, all that his skill could suggest was put in practice to secure the recovery of his patient, that was his first consideration; the next, when all fear of any immediate danger was averted, was to sit down and write a confidential letter to Carus Kearn, with whom he had long been in correspondence. A mutual friend had introduced them, and the village practitioner had not hesitated to add to his other employments that of spy upon the wealthy merchant.

By the same post the faithful servant despatched a letter to Peter Mangles; on receiving which the clerk forgot business, the course of exchange, bills, discounts, tare and tret, left everything at sixes and sevens, and posted down to Meldown, where he arrived a few minutes only before the junior partner.

On entering the library, the old man, whose lips were ready to utter the usual querulous reproaches, was much shocked at finding his principal so changed and shattered that even he could scarcely recognize him.

"Good gracious, Richard!" he exclaimed, "what has happened?"

Before Mr. Bently, who sat with his face buried in his hands, could reply to him, the door opened, and Carus entered the apartment. The sight of his nephew appeared to restore the merchant to his former energy of character, and he sternly ordered him from his presence.

"Not a word!" he exclaimed. "The mask has long since fallen; that only tie which fettered my tongue is broken by death. Assassin—cowardly assassin, I know you."

On hearing the word "assassin," Carus Kearn lost the self-possession which generally characterized him, and fled.

"For heaven's sake, Richard," said the agitated Mangles, "what has occurred?"

"I am dying."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the clerk, at the same time bursting into a flood of tears.

"Dying," repeated the banker, deeply affected by the sympathy of the speaker. "I have been struck where I most sinned in my affections, but I am punished."

"Don't speak in these dreadful riddles," ejaculated Peter; "if love for your daughter has been awakened in your flinty breast—for you know that it was flinty—blessed be the cause and the hand that strikes."

"Daughter," muttered Mr. Bently, as if striving to recollect something which had been partially obliterated from his mind; "yes, I—I have a daughter."

"Of course you have."

"And I promised *him*——"

"Him!" interrupted his old friend. "What him? Richard?"

Although the question was several times repeated, the speaker was unable to obtain an answer. In fact, it soon became evident that the mind of his employer was wandering. So Peter at once set himself down and wrote two letters; it must be conceded no ordinary proof of his affection for the sufferer, when we state that the first was to a physician of eminence, to post at once to Meldown Park.

The second was to the cashier, giving such instructions as were necessary for conducting the affairs of the firm.

"There, I have done all I can," he said, as he sealed them; "the rest is in the hands of Providence. Oh, Richard!" he added, in a tone of pathetic remonstrance, "why did you ever quit London to live in this horrible, gloomy place? These misfortunes never occur in the city."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

EDUCATION.

Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's nod of approbation, or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handsfull of flowers in green and daisy meadows; with birds-nests admired, but not touched; with creeping ants and almost imperceptible emmets; with humming bees and glass bee-hives; with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue and to the center of all good—to God himself.

"WALKING OFF THE EDGE."

A Yankee, who went over to the mother country some time ago, who was asked, on coming back, how he liked Great Britain:—Well, he said, England was a very nice country, exceedingly fertile, well cultivated, very populous and very wealthy; "but," said the Yanke, "I never liked to take a morning walk, after breakfast, because the country is so small that I was always afraid of walking off the edge."

VERSES TO MY FIRST-BORN.

BY THE YOUNG MOTHER.

My cherish'd infant! image of thy sire!
Sleep on the bosom which thy small lip presses;
Sleep, little one, and close those eyes of fire,
Those eyelets which the weight of sleep oppresses.

Sweet pet! dear little one! may slumber lend thee
Delights which I must never more enjoy!
I watch o'er thee, to nourish and defend thee,
And count these vigils sweet, for thee, my boy.

Sleep, infant, sleep! my solace and my treasure!
Sleep on my breast, the breast which gladly bore thee!
And though thy words can give this heart no pleasure,
It loves to see thy thousand smiles come o'er thee.

Yes, thou wilt smile, dear pet! when thou awakest
Yes, thou wilt smile, to see my joyful guise;
Thy mother's face thou never now mistakest,
And thou hast learned to look into her eyes.

What! do thy little fingers leave the breast,
The fountain which thy small lip press'd at pleasure?
Couldst thou exhaust it, pledge of passion blest!
Even then thou couldst not know my fond love's measure.

My gentle son! sweet child, whom I adore!
My infant love! my comfort, my delight!
I gaze on thee, and gazing o'er and o'er,
I blame the quick return of every night.

His little arms stretch forth—sleep o'er him steals—
His eye is closed—he sleeps—how still his breath!
But for the tints his flowery cheek reveals,
He seems to slumber in the arms of death.

Awake, my child!—I tremble with affright!—
Awaken!—Fatal thought, thou art no more—
My child! one moment gaze upon the light,
And e'en with thy repose my life restore.

Blest error! still he sleeps—I breathe again—
May gentle dreams delight his calm repose!
But when will he, for whom I sigh—oh when
Will he, beside me, watch thine eyes unclose?

We have been happy infants, as *thou* art;
Sad reason will destroy the dream too soon;
Sleep in the calm repose that stills thy heart,
Ere long its very memory will be gone!

CRAZY KATE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"Here comes Crazy Kate," shouted a group of urchins, swinging on the gate, or rolling in the grass in the shadow of the maples.

"She's coming here!" was presently announced, in lower tones. "She's crazy, aint you afraid of her?" asked two or three of the smallest boys; while the girls, who were loitering near, not being quite sure that it was as proper as pleasant to "play with the boys," hid their hands under their aprons, and looked on in silence, prepared to run, or to stand their ground with the majority.

Myself—a mere thing of six years, I stood holding fast by the skirt of my big brother's coat, and gazing shyly from under my flaxen curls at the advancing figure. I was shy but not afraid. Under the shelter of Ned's wing, what power on earth could harm me?

A tall, thin figure, a pallid face full of weird beauty, with deep, shifting, burning eyes, that glowed rather than glanced upon us, stately, irregular, but very graceful movements, dress fantastic and disordered, hands full of weeds and wild-flowers that she wove into a chaplet for the poor head from which already fluttered many parti-colored ribbons—such was Crazy Kate, as she came toward us that day.

"Ho! Crazy Kate! Crazy Kate!" shouted the boys as they ran to meet this strange creature, and the girls hung in the rear and added their voices to the cry.

Crazy Kate stopped, and made an elaborate courtesy.

"I bid you good-day, gentlemen and ladies!" she said, looking gravely upon us.

"Where have you been, Kate?"

"Up among the hills to visit the king of the birds. His majesty was most gracious, and he allowed me to pluck these flowers upon his domain. Here is his royal present, too," exhibiting a handful of shining pebbles and scales of mica. "But don't tell, don't tell, they are close behind and they will rob me."

"Who, Kate, who?" we asked, as she looked fearfully around. But her communicative mood was past.

"Children should never ask questions," she said, severely. Then resuming her gracious air, as she heard the call of the katydid from the rustling meadow-grass, she said—"My friend is summoning me, we will dance to-night in the green brook-meadow. Farewell, ladies and gentlemen," and with another stately courtesy, Crazy Kate, laughing and singing, went on her way.

I looked after with a strange thrill of mingled fear and sorrow. My childish intellect was puzzled with the mighty problem of her ruined one. That night I told the story to my mother, and saw the tears of sympathy gather in her large, soft eyes, and roll down her sweet, pale face, that always was as the face of an angel to me, and now that she has been an angel for years, seems to look down evermore upon her loving, wayward child.

"Where is she? Where did she go?" mother said, hurriedly. "She was my very dearest friend. I loved her above all others; she must sleep beneath my roof to-night."

"She went to the meadow, mother," answered our Ned. "She said the katydids called her."

"Go out and find her, Edward, and bring her home. She will die if she sleeps there upon the damp grass, and if she should wander near the brook she may be drowned. Go," she added, with a look Ned could not disobey. "I hope my son is not afraid of a poor, afflicted woman, upon whom the hand of God has been laid so heavily."

Ned went, and, as usual, I followed him. We found the poor woman down in the meadow, crouched in the tall grass. The crickets and katydids were in full cry, and Crazy Kate was talking as if in reply. When we saw her face, we beheld tears raining down over the white cheeks, a flood that could not cool the brain, nor quench the lambent fires of her gleaming eyes. When she saw us she started, and burst into a loud laugh, and with many incoherent words welcomed us to the home of her "friend," as she called the katydid.

After many entreaties we succeeded in persuading her to accompany us home. My mother met us at the door and folded the poor wanderer to her heart, and though Kate persisted in not knowing her, and treated all her efforts at kindness with grave and wondering politeness, yet she grew contented to remain, when she had been warmed and fed. That night she slept beneath our roof, and never afterwards knew any other home until God took the wounded and shattered spirit to the home where all wounds are healed, and all afflictions forgotten.

Docile as a little child, she obeyed my mother's voice, seldom breaking into insubordination, hardly ever wandering away. Her madness became a gentle, inoffensive melancholy, and there, in our quiet, happy home, like a wreck upon a summer sea, she floated toward her haven, wafted by soft airs, and undisturbed by the storms of passion that in the home from which she had escaped had been wont to rouse her to fury.

Years had passed. The child of six years that clung to Ned's skirts that day, had grown to womanhood, and was the last of the little flock in the dear old home, before she learned from her mother's lips the story of Crazy Kate, her trials and the deep wrongs that wrecked a noble, trusting spirit.

My mother was not one who wished prematurely to destroy the beautiful illusions of youth, and introduce into the young mind that distrust of human motives, that harsh judgment of human actions, that must come, in a greater or less degree, to all with the knowledge of later years. It was not until I, the last of her children, was about to go from the shelter of home, that she told me the story of Crazy Kate, as an example of the evil existing in the world from which she could no longer shield me, and whereof I must learn, in order to guard myself from its influences.

Katharine Lorimer was the daughter of a wealthy man, of solitary and eccentric habits. Her mother had died while she was yet an infant, and she had been left to the sole control, or rather want of control, of her father. But for the kindness of the mother of Annie Grace, her dearest friend and nearest neighbor, she would have been left without any of the softening influences of womanly culture, until she reached the age of fifteen. As it was, she reigned queen of her little realm, with full command of servants and horses, her father, himself, as much the slave of his brilliant, beautiful child, as the lowest menial in his establishment.

At fifteen Annie Grace (afterward my mother) was sent from home to school, and my grandmother, by the exercise of much womanly tact and perseverance, obtained the consent of Mr. Lorimer that Kate should accompany her.

None of us can look far into the future to discern the probable consequences of our acts. Had it been possible for my grandmother to have done so, she might have hesitated long ere she allowed herself to speak the words or perform the acts that directed the destiny of this beautiful and unfortunate girl. Time alone could develop those results, and in the present the culture of an intellect, the expansion and training of talents like those of Kate Lorimer, seemed to her of the greatest importance.

But could she have foreseen! she often said with bitter self-reproach. And then would arise the soothing reflection that she acted for a seeming good, and perhaps no effort of hers, any more than a selfish disregard of the apparent interests of the motherless girl, her daughter's friend, could have averted the fate that hung over her.

So Kate Lorimer went to school. Around her was the prestige of beauty, brilliant even in its unfolding and incipient development, and of wealth. For the report had preceded her that she was an only child, and sole heiress of her father's vast fortune—a report that the magnificence of her wardrobe and jewels, the furnishing of her room, the fine horse sent after her for her use, and the many indications of an unsparing supply of pocket-money, soon confirmed.

Kate's school life was one long scene of triumph. The teachers united in proclaiming her the best pupil in the school, and the praise was not won by her wealth, for she outstripped all competitors, her power of comprehending and classifying ideas, of acquiring knowledge, being almost magical. And her triumphs were won and worn without the detraction of bitterness and envy.

Kate's spirit was as sweet as it was high and noble. She had troops of friends, who loved her (strange as it may seem in a world so sordid) for herself alone.

At the close of her school life Kate spent one season in society.

Mr. Lorimer was exceedingly impatient for her return home. The three years of her absence, during which she had only been at home for her vacations, had passed very slowly and wearily to the recluse. He opposed the winter in town, but here again my grandmother interfered. Her own sister, a lady occupying the highest position in the upper circle of society, had invited Miss Lorimer to accompany Anne Grace to her house. The opportunity for a most desirable introduction to society, my grandmother argued, should not be lost. The child should be allowed at least one peep into its charmed regions, before she was returned to the seclusion of her country home. Mr. Lorimer had great reliance upon my grandmother's wisdom, and felt grateful for the kind solicitude she had manifested for his motherless daughter. He gave his consent, though reluctantly, and Katharine accompanied my mother to the elegant hospitalities of Mrs. Gorham's home.

It was during this winter that the two events occurred that were destined to transform the brilliant heiress into the unfortunate, wandering maniac.

Kate saw and loved, believing she was beloved by him, Claude Harrison. And her father, weary of his loneliness, and beguiled by soft words and sweet smiles, brought a new mistress to the home that Katharine's absence had left desolate.

A poor, scheming widow was Mrs. Kinley. She came, she saw, she conquered, by arts known only to herself. She found herself transferred, by a few simple and magical words, from her struggling poverty to the use of vast wealth, to the head of a splendid home. To this home she brought her daughter, Anne Kinley, like Kate an only child, and inheriting not wealth, but the sordid cunning of her mother, to which was added a bitter malignity quite original with herself. Her mother only wished to benefit herself. Anne, in benefiting herself, would even step aside to wound and injure another.

These were the persons whom Kate found domiciled in her home, when she returned to it in the spring.

Mr. Lorimer, a man easily influenced, facile under all impressions, had, in the few months of his marriage, become the victim of the arts of these women. They already ruled him, and though he welcomed his daughter with the warmest affection to his home, she was not long in seeing that her reign was over.

This was somewhat painful, and Kate bore it well. Her father loved her still, and, as she was soon to leave her home as the wife of Claude Harrison, she felt sincerely glad that her father would not be left companionless, and was quite willing that the new wife should rule. And the new wife was soft and sweet in all her intercourse with Kate, and vainly trying to solve the mystery of her cordial treatment of those whom she could not believe the girl could look upon otherwise than as intruders in her home. So hard is it for cunning and crafty characters to comprehend the unselfishness of high and noble spirits.

And while Mrs. Lorimer was studying out a mystery that had no existence, her daughter, Anne, was plotting how she might most deeply injure one whom she detested solely for the wealth and beauty she did not herself possess.

Anne was a plain, but a fascinating woman. Long intercourse with society had taught her all the arts of success. Out of her plain face beamed eyes of wondrous power and beauty—she knew how to use them. Her voice, soft and low, lingered in dulcet tones that melted on the ear. And eyes and voice had caused many a victim to forget, for a time, that Anne Kinley was poor and plain.

How shall I describe her serpent wiles? How tell of the subtle spell she wove around the old man's spirit, and how, gradually intruding herself into his love and confidence, she thrust thence the daughter of his heart? How portray the fascinations that stirred the passions in Claude Harrison's breast, and caused him, at times, almost to forswear allegiance to the bright, pure creature soon to be his wife, so that when the eve of their wedding-day arrived, the only tie that bound him to Kate Lorimer was the fortune that he believed would one day be hers.

That night the first blow fell upon the head of the unconscious Kate. A vague shadow of distrust and foreboding had followed her for many days, but she was too simple and true to suspect the wrongs practised upon her.

That night the old man died! Afterward, dark hints pointed to Anne Kinley as the agent in this fatal work, but by this time she was too well intrenched in wealth and position to heed them. Of course there was no wedding then.

Two days after the will was read. A small legacy to Kate—the bulk of the old man's fortune "to his well-beloved wife and to Anne Kinley, more a daughter to him than his own." So it ran, and Kate found herself almost penniless. She would not seek legal redress, but turned, with all a woman's loving trust, to Claude Harrison. She had never placed a high value upon her wealth, and in her warm faith in the man she loved, had never suspected a sordid motive in his professions.

It was the last blow that fell with most crushing weight upon her heart. Claude Harrison transferred his allegiance to the heiress of Mr. Lorimer's fortune. It was Kate's rival who, with mocking triumph, announced to her this fact. That night the reason that had stood firm amidst many shocks was shattered. The morning light saw the once brilliant beauty a gibing, wandering maniac, far from her father's house. Kindly men conveyed her thither again, and gave her to the simulated compassion of the women there. Thence she was transferred to an asylum, where she lingered out many years, while Mrs. Lorimer and her daughter enjoyed her fortune, while Anne Kinley became the wife of Claude Harrison, and the two reveled in all the luxuries her alienated inheritance could supply.

She had escaped from the asylum, and for some days had been wandering about her old haunts, within sight of the doors that opened no more to receive her, when we saw her, and my mother brought her beneath the roof that sheltered all her remaining years.

TO-DAY.

"The Past is all by death possess'd,
And frugal fate that guards the rest,
By giving, bids us live To-day."

To-day is like a child's pocket-money, which he never thinks of keeping in his pocket. Considering it bestowed upon us for the sole purpose of being expended as fast as possible in dainties, toys, and knick-knacks, we should reproach ourselves for meanness of spirit were we to hoard it up, or appropriate it to any object of serious utility. It is the only part of life of which we are sure; yet we treat it as if it were the sole portion of existence beyond our control. We make sage reflections upon the past, and wise resolutions for the future, but no one ever forms an important determination for to-day. Whatever is urgent must be reserved for to-morrow; the present hour is a digression, an episode that belongs not to the main business of life; we may cut it out altogether, and the plot will not be the less complete. In spite, however, of its being a truism, it must be admitted that to-day is a portion of our existence. Granted, exclaims the idler, but, after all, what is a single day?—A question which is peevishly repeated three hundred and sixty-five times in a year, when we commence a new score of similar interrogatories, so that we might as well say at once "what is a single life?"

To-day has a triple claim to our consideration, for, besides its present appeal, it has been the future, and will be the past. He is wise, says an ancient philosopher, who lives to-day; he is wiser still, exclaimed his commentator, who lived yesterday.

MOTHER.

The maternal affection is beyond all comprehension, and it would almost seem as if God, in His mercy, had endowed woman with a spirit little inferior to that possessed by angels, and too pure for earth. The case of Mrs. Douglass so beautifully illustrates and exemplifies this fact, that it has made a deep impression on the minds of hundreds. From the day her son was sent home in chains, until the earth hid from her sight his cold remains, she was constantly at his side, when allowed by those having charge of him. From the mansion of the President to the gloomy cell, by night and by day, through the rain and the sunshine, she never ceased her efforts in the cause of her son; and when her last hope faded of obtaining the executive clemency, she appealed to subordinates for mercy. No tongue can describe her agonizing importunities, no language her sufferings. When all was dark and still, and while the keepers shunned the supposed murderer's cell, she could be heard, or her knees by the side of his cot, imploring the mercy of the Redeemer on her condemned son. And at last, when his sun was set, and the eternal night of despair took possession of her mind, the afflicted mother approached the coffin, and the instant the lid was removed, she fell on the body of her boy, exclaiming, in ineffable grief, "Oh, my son, my poor boy, your trials are all over on this earth; your last trial has proved a fatal one in this world." She knelt over the body, and kissed him again and again, at the same time cutting off portions of his hair as a keepsake of her unfortunate son.

"TAKE CARE OF THY MONEY."

Paley, whose mind was so remarkably expert, was particularly clumsy in body. "I was never a good horseman," he used to say to himself, "and when I followed my father on a poney of my own, on my first journey to Cambridge, I fell off seven times; I was lighter then than I am now, and my falls were not likely to be serious. My father, on hearing a thump, would turn his head half aside, and say, "Take care of thy money, lad: as if I myself were of no consequence."

ABOUT GIRLS.

The best thing about a girl is cheerfulness. We don't care how ruddy her cheeks may be, or how velvety her lips, if she wears a scowl even her friends will consider her ill-looking; while the young lady who illuminates her countenance with smiles, will be regarded as handsome, though her complexion is coarse enough to grate nutmegs on. As perfume is to the rose so is good nature to the lovely. Girls think of this.

THE VOYAGE.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

Father, I steer my bark
  Across life's raging sea;
And oft its waves are dark,
No solitary spark
  Of light gleams out for me.
The hidden rocks I fear,
The tempest's angry blast;
  My only trust 's in Thee,
  That Thou'lt remember me,
And bring me to a home of peace at last.

Grant me, oh! God—my Guide—
  A patient, hopeful heart;
And strength to safely glide
Over the troubled tide,
  Unharmed by sorrow's dart.
And when I reach the land,
My promised place of rest,
  May I join the angelic band,
  Upon the golden strand,
And live forever with the ransomed and the blessed.

GLENDOWER;

OR,

THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

There was much anxiety manifested as Dame Warrenton moved forward and took a seat where she could face the company. Thomas Cleaveland had settled back with a dogged determination to hear all that was to be said, for though he had a vague fear that something was in the wind against him, yet he dreamed not of the terrible crash that was to come upon him. Walter Dean had crouched away in one corner, like a whipped cur, for he felt sure that his power at Ravendale was gone from him forever, and there might be a reckoning in store for him. Lavinia Cleaveland was the only one who seemed really startled. She glared upon the dame with a fierce, deadly look, hissing out, as she did so—

"O—I wish I had known that you had the secret!"

"But you did not know it," returned Mrs. Warrenton, with a spitefulness which, under the circumstances, was perfectly pardonable. "I knew ye well enough to keep it to myself."

"Let's have the story," interrupted the archbishop, "for we are all anxious."

"Well," commenced the dame, "here it is. I'll tell it my own way, for there's some here that don't understand anything about it: Margaret Glendower's father and mother moved from Wales to Scotland when she was a mere infant, and when she was four years old her mother died, and a year afterwards her father married a younger sister of mine who was living there. When she was ten years old her father died, and shortly after that I went to Scotland on a visit, and spent some months with my widowed sister. She had no children of her own, but she looked upon Margaret as one of her own blood, and loved her as such. And I learned to love the beautiful child, too. She was so good and so affectionate that I could not help it. And I fairly wept when I parted from her.

"I came home, and in five years afterwards I learned that my sister was dead, and I at once sent for Margaret to come and live with me. She came—and I was happy in her company. She had grown more beautiful in her opening womanhood, and was just the same true and loving creature that she was in childhood. One day Sir Owen Cleaveland, the lord of this place, came to my cot, and saw my precious charge. He conversed with her till he found that her mind was as rich in intelligence as her face and form were in beauty, and then he went away. In a few days he came again. After this he came often, and finally he asked Margaret to be his wife—to be Countess of Stanbury. He told her that he dared not let his step-mother, the lady Lavinia, know of his plans, for he feared her. She had a niece, whom she called Annabella Scovel, that she had determined he should marry, and so much did he dread her wrath and vindictiveness that he really feared that she might wreak her vengeance upon him, should he carry his young wife home."

"Hag of perdition—you lie!" hissed Lavinia, while little drops of foam stood upon her bloodless lips. "Owen never feared me. It was his own falsehood to gain the prize he sought."

"Wait till I get through," said the dame, seeming to take but little notice of the interruption. "When the earl had made this explanation," she added, resuming her narrative, "Margaret came to me, and asked my advice. I found that she had learned to love the earl most fondly, and that she had set all her hopes of happiness upon the union. I felt sure that Sir Owen was an honorable, truthful man—I knew that he was beloved by all his people, and that he had always scorned anything like wrong or oppression. So I bade my loved protege to do as she thought best, and she told him she would be his wife. He took her to Fylingdales, where they were privately married; and from thence they went to Scotland, where they spent a year of pure and unalloyed happiness. A son was born to them, and they called his name Julian. About this time the earl received a letter from one of his business agents, requesting his immediate attendance at York on matters of much importance. Margaret was not well enough to accompany him, so he set off alone, leaving her and his child in the care of trusty friends. He came to York, and then came to Woldhill. He may have told here that he was married to Margaret Glendower, but of that I am not sure. All I know is, that within a week after his arrival he died. He was found dead in the stable, and seemed to have been kicked in the temple by a horse, as his lifeless body lay directly behind the place where the animal stood. It was a wonder at the time for the horse had never been known to kick before. However, he was dead, and preparations were made for his funeral.

"And here a strange thing happened. She who had been known as Annabella Scovel *appeared at the funeral as the widow of the earl!* She had given birth to a male child, and the lady Lavinia announced that she had been the lawful wife of the earl for nearly two years. People knew that such a thing as marriage between Sir Owen and Annabella had long been talked of, and they had nothing to wonder at. I dared say nothing, for I knew the danger that I should incur. A few months later Margaret came with her boy. She came to this hall, and was met with scoffs and derision. Lavinia Cleaveland told her that she had only been a victim to Sir Owen's base passions—that his seeming marriage with her had been all a sham, the better to secure her to his purpose; and she said that the taking of her to Scotland, after such a private ceremony, was proof enough of his falsehood. She said that Annabella was his lawful wife, and that that lady had already given birth to a legitimate heir.

"Faint, sick, and dizzy, poor Margaret sought my cot, and for long weeks she lay upon a sick-bed. She could not believe that Owen Cleaveland—the man whom she had so loved and trusted—had so basely deceived her, and yet she was forced to submit. She dared not institute an inquiry that might establish her own shame, and prove her child a bastard. When she became strong once more she returned to Scotland. A few years afterwards she visited me again, and remained with me three years at the cot, and at the end of that time the whisper came to her that there was danger for her boy. He was looked upon by the inmates of Woldhill Hall as one who might, at some time, give them trouble, notwithstanding his illegitimacy. She knew the character of those from whom the danger came, and she resolved to send her boy away. My son happened to be at home at that time, and was soon to sail for India, and it was arranged that little Julian should go with him. Margaret had some Welsh friends at Calcutta, and she wrote to them to look after, and care for, her child for her sake.

"So the boy went, and in that foreign clime he grew up to be a man—a man honored and respected by all—working his own way to a position of trust and importance. His mother returned to Scotland, sad and desolate, for her heart could not wholly struggle up from the blow it had received. A few months ago she came on here to meet her boy. She was recognized by those who feared her, and who must have learned why she had come, and the foul fiend was upon her track. Her son came, and he found his mother in a deep dungeon, guarded by pirates. While he had been growing up to manhood in India, another—the child of Annabella—had been growing up to manhood at Woldhill, and had answered to the title of Earl. It was Thomas Cleaveland. And when Margaret and her son appeared he knew that they were in his way—he did not know how much—he had only been given to understand that they were dangerous to his peace—and he sought to have them removed—to have them murdered!"

"False! false! false!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, aroused from a state of stupefied astonishment by this grave charge against him. "Foul witch of darkness, you know you lie!"

"She does not lie!" pronounced the pirate chieftain, in tones that startled those who heard them. "You did bargain with me for the death of both of them!"

"Ha! And do you turn traitor?" the young villain gasped.

"Don't cast your look of wonder upon me," the gaunt chieftain replied. "When you sought my own life that your deeds might be hidden—when you brought me deadly poison, that I might drink it and be out of your way, you severed the last tie of honor between us! You did bargain with me for the death of Margaret Glendower and her son, and for the death of Mark Warrenton; and that they are not dead is no fault of mine. Glendower has foiled me at every step. He picked off my best men; outwitted me in the very hour of my triumph; and now I am dying from the wounds his own hand gave me. O—Thomas Cleaveland, I owe thee little save vengeance; and yet thou owest me much."

"What do I owe thee, thou blood-stained wretch?" demanded Thomas, fiercely.

"All that thou art! All that thou hast!" slowly answered the pirate, bending a strange look upon the culprit. "But I am interrupting. Let Dame Warrenton proceed with her story."

"I have no more to tell," the old lady said. "You all know the things that have transpired about us since the arrival of Julian Glendower upon our coast. But here is one who must tell you something. I think she will speak."

"Aye—I will speak!" cried Annabella, who was thus appealed to.

For the first time the lady Lavinia seemed to lose all her wrath in a deadly fear.

"Girl! Annabella!" she said, "you dare not betray your own——"

"Speak it out," retorted Annabella. "Say, *your own mother!* You need deny nothing more, for I will speak the whole truth. I have suffered enough—I have suffered more than mortal tongue can tell; and I will not go to my grave with this load of guilt and crime upon me, even though I bring this curse upon my own blood in the exposition."

She was so earnest and determined—so feeling and so impetuous—that no one attempted to stay her speech, and she thus proceeded:—

"You all of you know that Lavinia Scoval came to nurse the wife of Sir William Cleaveland, and that when she died Lavinia became the wife in her place. But you have not known, nor did Sir William know, that Lavinia had a child living at the time. I was her child—born in shame—and when she brought me to this place she said I was her niece. I was about the same age of Sir William's son, Owen; and we were brought up together. Sir William died, and from that moment my mother planned that I should marry with the young earl. She used all the art in her power, but to no effect. Owen would not love me, nor would I love him. Yet I had learned to love—to love fondly and truly. Upon our coast was a bold and daring smuggler, whose deeds of daring I admired. The people throughout this section of country protected and encouraged him, and gave him shelter from all excisemen and sheriffs, for he furnished them with cheap luxuries and necessary articles of food. He saved them from much oppressive taxation, and they were grateful for it. This smuggler won my love, and asked me to be his wife. I knew it would be of no use to ask mother, so I consented of my own will, and accepted his hand. We went privately to Fylingdales, and were there married. Upon various excuses I used to absent myself from the hall when my husband was on shore, and for a time my secret was safe. But it could not be so always. I finally gave birth to a child—it was a boy—and then the secret was out.

"For a time my mother was raving beyond description. She kept me confined in one of the cells beneath the mansion—in the very one where the lady Margaret has been shut up—and there she plied me with threats and persuasions. In the meantime she plotted for the arrest of my husband, and contrived that he should be delivered into the hands of the officers. He was tried, and convicted, and transported for life. It was easier now to work upon me, and I finally suffered myself to be conquered. I could hold out no longer—the life of my child was threatened—and I yielded. When Sir Owen returned from Scotland, and we learned that he had been married to Margaret Glendower, my mother was confounded; but the way was soon opened for her escape. God forbid that I should say, she opened it!

"One day she came to me, and told me that the earl had been found in the stable, dead. And she said that I should be countess, and that my boy should grow up to be the Earl Stanbury. I had gone too far to stop now, for I had already allowed my mother to tell that Sir Owen was the father of my child, and I suffered her to have her own way. A priest of Flansborough was bribed to swear that he married us, and I appeared at the funeral of the earl as his widow, and people believed the falsehood.

"You have heard how the lady Margaret came here; and how she was deceived; and how she was persecuted. It has been told to you.

"And now I was acknowledged as countess, and when my boy grew up he was invested with all the rights and titles of earl. But I was happy no more. I not only mourned for the true husband who had been lost to me, but I was bowed down beneath a heavy load of guilt. And so years passed away. I heard faint whispers of a bold pirate who had made his appearance upon our coast, and the thought entered my mind that it might be my husband. At length Julian Glendower returned from India, and on that very night a wounded man was brought up here. I saw him not—I heard not his name until after he had gone—and then I was sure that he was my husband. From that hour a strange change came over me. I cared not for life—I cared not for anything about me—only to find my husband. I kept my secret to myself as much as possible, though my mind failed me in the terrible ordeal, and fantastic day-dreams, and wild phantoms floated about my mental vision.

"When I knew that the lady Margaret was in my mother's power, I determined to save her if I could. I was firmly resolved that henceforth my aim should be, to make restitution as far as possible. I did save her; and I have saved one other. One night a weary man dragged himself up to the hall, and asked for shelter. He was taken to an old chamber, and the door locked upon him. I heard my mother and my son plotting for his destruction. I made my way to him, and found my husband—found him weak, faint, and dying—but found my husband!"

As Annabella ceased speaking she sank back, and laid her head upon the pirate-chieftain's bosom. He wound one arm about her, and then said—

"It is all true—all true. They told me she was dead when I was transported. Oh! I have done crimes enough, but I am not alone in sin. Had they left me my wife, I should never have been what I am. I had money when my boy was born, and I wanted to settle down on shore; but Lavinia Cleaveland crushed me. When I returned from my banishment my heart was embittered against all men, and I sought vengeance for the wrongs I had suffered. If this revelation has hurled my son down from the proud hight he had mounted, he must remember that his own crimes have brought it about."

"*You—you—my father!*" gasped Thomas, who had watched the pirate with a dying look.

"Aye—I am," answered Grunker; and then, pointing to Julian, he added—

"Look there! Look, all of you—and tell me if you do not see the very image of Sir Owen. I knew him the moment I saw him. He is the old earl's counterpart; and I imagine that others have recognized him beside——"

At this moment the lady Lavinia leaped up from her chair with a piercing, horrible howl, and wildly swung her long, bony arm above her head. She reeled to and fro like a drunken man, and would have sunk to the floor had not one of the deputies caught her in his arms. Her jaws were firmly set, and great drops of white foam started out from between her bloodless lips. At the suggestion of the archbishop she was borne from the room, and when the door had closed behind her the sheriff arose to his feet.

"Thomas Cleaveland," he said, addressing the one who had so long borne that name, "for the present I must order you into confinement. You shall have a fair hearing ere you are condemned."

Without a word the culprit suffered himself to be led away; and, when he was gone, the sheriff turned to the pirate.

"Dixon Grunker, I shall send you back to the room from whence you came, and though I must place a guard at your door, yet the lady Annabella may be with you."

"It matters little where I go now, sir," the chieftain replied, slowly rising from his seat. "I think you will not be troubled with the care of me a long while."

He went out with Annabella, and one of the under sheriffs followed them up the broad stairway.

"Now, sir," resumed Lowhill, turning to Walter Dean, "you will be called upon to show a clear account of your administration at Ravendale. You had better hasten thither at once, and be prepared, for we shall join you there ere long. You will not be offended if I send one of my deputies with you, for we are very anxious that you should not give us the slip."

Like a cur as he was, the false-hearted guardian sneaked from the place in company with an officer, and as soon as he was gone the archbishop started from his chair.

"Now, Simon Beauchamp," the prelate cried, turning to the old clerk, "let us see the records in your book."

The old man moved to the table, and laid the heavy book upon it, and then opened to where a mark had been placed; and then he placed his trembling finger upon a record which had been made five-and-twenty years before. It was of the marriage of DIXON GRUNKER and ANNABELLA SCOVEL, and their names were signed in their own hands. And then, upon another leaf, he showed another record, which bore a date six months later. It was of the marriage of OWEN CLEAVELAND, *Earl of Stanbury*, and MARGARET GLENDOWER. The earl's bold hand was there in his signature; and so was the timid, tremulous, fluttering trace of Margaret's pen.

"I think the light begins to shine," said the archbishop. "But, good clerk, let your register be at hand, for all this must undergo a more thorough examination. *We* know enough—but the world must be satisfied beyond a doubt."

It would be simply useless to attempt to describe the scene that followed; for as soon as the floodgates of congratulation were opened, and the pent-up feelings found vent, there was no measure to the strange things that were said and done. The first sense of astonishment had passed away, and the whole great truth was realized. Julian received the greetings of the archbishop and of the sheriff, and of Dame Warrenton and Mark; and then he took Emma Dean by the hand, and led her to his mother. He tried to speak, but his voice failed him; and, with a convulsive sob, which seemed to burst from the very center of his laboring soul, he bowed his head upon the bosom of his dear parent, and gave way to the feelings which he could no longer control.

* * * * * *

During the night the man who walked in the low passage beneath the old hall, heard deep groans in the cell where Sir Thomas was confined. He opened the door and went in, and found the prisoner upon the bed, writhing in agony. The guard asked what was the matter.

"Margaret Glendower was confined here?" whispered Thomas.

"Yes," answered the officer.

"Curses on the fate! I have drunk the wine the old hag prepared for her."

And so he had. The wine which Margaret knew was poisoned, and which she had not yet thrown away when she was set at liberty, he had drained to the very dregs! The officer remained by his side till he found that the man was dying, and then he ran for assistance. He returned with some of the servants, but only to find Sir Thomas lying quiet and still. The agony had passed—and the stillness and quietness which had fallen upon him was of that sleep which knows no earthly awakening!

The pirate chieftain lingered along for a few days, and then died—died in Annabella's arms—died in the light of her love—died crying aloud to God for mercy.

But a harder fate was Lavinia's. From the hour when she was borne from the drawing-room she never spoke again, nor could any art or power force her jaws apart. They were set as a tightened vice, the shriveled, hardened cords and muscles seeming to have become suddenly fixed like bone, and as unyielding as bars and thews of steel. No nourishment could be given her, save by applying wine to her lips and nostrils, and she lingered along for many days, an object of pity even to those she had most wronged—for such mighty agony as she suffered would have moved a very demon to sympathy. But one night the dark angel came and liberated her, and the evil spirit which had brooded over Woldhill so many years was gone from earth forever.

As soon as possible all the circumstances connected with the strange events which had been brought to light were laid before a court convened at York for that purpose, and the result was, that Margaret Glendower was declared to have been the true and lawful wife of Sir Owen Cleaveland, and Julian was invested with all the titles, powers, and privileges of the earldom of Stanbury, and placed in full possession of Woldhill and the circumjacent estate.

And now the fair Emma refused no more to be made a countess, for when Lord Julian offered her his hand, she took it with rapturous joy. She could call Margaret her mother now; and when the trio were together—Julian, his wife, and his mother—it would be hard to tell which received the most love, or which loved the most; though of this we are sure—Julian and Emma seemed to vie with each other in loving that gentle mother, while she walked peacefully down the vale of life, shedding the sweet influence of her love upon all about her.

Walter Dean was allowed to depart in peace from Ravendale, and the servants all blessed their stars when he was gone. He went back to London, and they heard of him no more. Emma bade him come to her if he ever needed assistance, but he never came.

One of Julian's first acts, after assuming the proud station which belonged to him, was to obtain the discharge of Mark Warrenton from the navy; and the old sailor became a sort of generalissimo of the whole servant force; while his mother—the good old dame—assumed control over a few kind-hearted servants, who waited upon her, and cared for her, in her old age. *Adam Nolan* was forced to remove from his old lodge, for the young earl needed his services in a higher sphere. He knew the wants and the dispositions of all the tenantry, and he was installed into the important office of principal agent, much to the satisfaction of all with whom he was thus brought into official contact.

Poor Annabella! She lived for many years, and was kindly cared for by the earl and his household; but she had neither the reason to enjoy, nor the sense to suffer much. The lamp of intellect, which had flickered and grown dim in the years agone, but which seemed to burn more brightly for a while when she had resolved upon the important disclosures she made, went wholly out after her husband was dead, and she became a hopeless though harmless maniac. She imagined that her name was Glendower; and she babbled of storms and of tempests, and heard the winds howl mournfully of disaster and shipwreck. At such times she had visions of a noble vessel swallowed up by the sea, and of brave men sinking into the deep valley of the shadow of death. And, day after day she went down upon the sea-shore, and gazed off upon the dark waters, hoping that the past dreams might be false, and that the North Sea Rover would yet come back to love and bless her!

THE END.

THE PRE-ADAMITE WORLD.

There is a noble passage in Lucretius, in which he describes a savage in the early stages of the world, when men were yet contending with beasts the possession of the earth, flying with loud shrieks through the woods from the pursuit of some ravenous animal, unable to fabricate arms for his defence, and without art to staunch the streaming wounds inflicted on him by his four-footed competitor. But there is a deeper subject of speculation, if we carry our thoughts back to that still earlier period when the beasts of the field and forest held undivided sway; when Titanian brutes, whose race has been long extinct, exercised a terrific despotism over the subject earth; and that "bare forked animal," who is pleased to dub himself the Lord of the Creation, had not been called up out of the dust to assume his self-assumed supremacy. Philosophers and geologists discover in the bowels of the earth itself indisputable proofs that it must have been for many centuries nothing more than a splendid arena for monsters. We have scarcely penetrated beyond its surface; but, whenever any convulsion of nature affords us a little deeper insight into her recesses, we seldom fail to discover fossil remains of gigantic creatures, though, amid all these organic fragments, we never encounter the slightest trace of any human relics. How strange the thought, that for numerous, perhaps innumerable centuries, this most beautiful pageant of the world performed its magnificent evolutions, the sun and moon rising and setting, the seasons following their appointed succession, and the ocean uprolling its invariable tides, for no other apparent purpose than that lions and tigers might retire howling to their dens as the shaking of the ground proclaimed the approach of the mammoth, or that the behemoth might perform his unwieldy flounderings in the deep! How bewildering the idea that the glorious firmament and its constellated lights, and the varicolored clouds that hang like pictures upon its sides, and the perfume which the flowers scatter from their painted censers, and the blushing fruits that delight the eye not less than the palate, and the perpetual music of winds, waves, and woods, should have been formed for the recreation and embellishment of a vast menagerie!

THE virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

ON HATS.

"What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows."

A hat is the symbol and characteristic of its wearer. It is a sign and token of his avocation, habits, and opinions—the creature of his phantasy. Minerva-like, it bursts forth in full maturity from his brain. It often serves as a beacon to the wary against lewdness, extravagance, pride, cold-heartedness, and vulgarity; vain pomp and parade, unblushing impudence, affected singularity, and many other of the ruling passions, may be detected by its form and fashion. One may ascertain whether a man is whimsical, grotesque, unnaturally gross, rigidly chaste, or venially flexible in his taste, by this infallible test. Much may be deduced too from the style in which it is worn. One man entombs his pericranium in its beaver; another sets it so lightly and delicately on, that it seems to be ever "straining upon the start," and, like "the sweet pea, on tip-toe for a flight."

Every man's hat is a cast of his head, and is strongly tinctured with his habits and prejudices. We may discover as great a variety in hats as in men. There is your hat bellicose, flaunting, and soldierly, that seems to court applause, and your tame, pusillanimous, and meekly covering, without shape or feature, emollient, pliable, and unresisting as wax; your technical dot-and-carry-one companion to the ledger, and your little, pert, upstart, whipper-snapper chapeau. There is your hat clerical, devout, orthodox, and sanctified; your brazen-looking, up-turned symbol of arrogant stupidity; your demure, obtuse, and inflexible receptacle of a quaker's caput, whose elaborate brim is one of the chief insignia of the sect; and the incomparable and superlative aristocrat, that graces a noble buck's brows, and utterly defies criticism. There is also your deformed, mis-shapen, unbrushed hat, Benedictine and matrimonial, with its "knotty and combined locks;" and your steady, sober, bachelorly nap-lacking hat, everlasting and immortal, whose olden fashion and antique hue prove it to have enjoyed its present situation since its now-wrinkled possessor first entered some old-fashioned counting-house as a stylish junior clerk. There is, besides, your majestical hat of capacity and dominion, and your hat subaltern and unaspiring; your profound, bronze-colored, overbearing Johnsonian, and your prying, inquisitive, jealous, and "unsatisfied imp;" your infirm, elderly beaver, and your lusty, coarse, dog's-hair agriculturist, with its corollary of documents; your hat morose, sullen, and forbidding, with its never-failing accompaniment of an octagon face, scowling eyes, and clenched lips, and your gay, honest, graceful, but negligent harbinger of vivacity and good humor; your insinuating, silky-smiling cap of salutation and complacency, which oftener graces its wearer's hand than his head, and the supercilious, haughty "touch me not;" your money-getting Mosaic slouch, and your worn-out, half-naked, and ruined silk hat, in its last stage of existence, still "smiling at grief," and striving to keep up appearances.

EXCLUSIVE TALKERS.

The "exclusive talkers" are the most insufferable class. One of these will undertake to talk for all the company present. If you impatiently throw in but one little word, it is like flinging a large stone into a quick current—it disturbs, *but cannot impede it, and rather impels it still faster onward: or like striking a spark into a barrel of gunpowder—a fresh explosion of words spreads a hubbub and confusion all around it. Though he tells you every thing you already know, you cannot tell him any thing that he does not know. He can tell you what a new book contains that is to come out next Tuesday, as well as if he was himself Wednesday;* or anticipate the merits of a great picture on the easel. If you mean to see the new tragedy, he has seen it, and he destroys all the delight you would have in its newness, by repeating the best points of it, and by unraveling its plot. If you set out with an anecdote, he snatches it out of your mouth, as a covetous dog would a desired bone from his best boon companion and dearest puppy-friend, and tells it for you. You object that your's was a different version of the same story, and gently persist in telling it your own way;—he knows the other version as well as you do, and relates it for you, but thinks his own is the best. If you persist, after all, in telling it for yourself, he will insinuate to-morrow that you are in your *anecdotage*, and declare that you are the worst teller of a good thing since Goldsmith. You could not have done a worse thing than start an anecdote in his hearing, for that one is too sure of reminding him of a hundred others; and the last one of that first century of good things is so nearly related to the first of the second century, that he cannot choose but relate it, and you dare not choose but hear it. If you commence a favorite quotation, he takes up the second line, goes on with it, and ends by quoting twice as much as you intended. This invariably leads him to recollect another poem by the same author, which no doubt you have heard, but Mrs. Jones, who is present, would perhaps like to hear; and then he begins it without farther prelude, and you can, if you please, go to sleep, *ad interim*, if you have no fear of his reproach for want of taste before your eyes, to keep them open. You have been to Paris, and he informs you of your expenses on the road:—or you are going to Scotland, and he narrates most pathetically the miseries of a German inn. Of all talkers, these are the worst.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

The world progresses somewhat like a snail: it makes an immense journey of some inches during the day, and falls back at night to its original position, that it may set out with the same vigor on the same path the next morning. Both animals leave behind them vestiges of their travel—the one its slimy, the other its inky annals; and it is hard to say which, in its proper proportion, is the more lasting, or the more perishable. Look at the history of revolutions, their commencement, and termination at the very point whence they set out. Does not this universe resemble a slate, on which some Tyro of a spiritual order, mightier than ours, has been learning his arithmetic, drawing thereon huge sums in multiplication and division, and anon blotting all out in an instant with his fore-finger and spittle? But a truce with simile:—What have all these upsets and overthrows left us? They have left to the essayists the neatest heads of chapters; to chronologists the most convenient epochs imaginable. There is no knowing what history would do without them: they are its goals and starting-posts, and resemble the ancient temple on Cape Colonna—once the mighty object of worship and witness of great events, now but a beacon to guide the solitary mariner.

QUARRELS.—Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels: First, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and, secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.

ISHMAEL-LIKE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Like the children of the desert, on their broad demesne of sand,
Dreaming of a distant Elim and an ever beckoning hand,

Reaching over arid wastes and slanting downward from the stars,
As a convict sees the sunshine gleaming through his prison bars,

So I, pilgrim to a Mecca I may never hope to reach,
See the soft, white fingers beckon, hear the low, sweet voice beseech;

One, so eloquent in silence; one, so musical in sound;
Pleading with my Ishmael-spirit, in its world-wide bondage bound.

But the happy isles they call me to, inviting me to stay,
Are beyond my spirit's reaching; lotus land is far away.

In the mist-enveloped distances that shadow the Unseen,
Perchance are rosy hill-sides and odorous vales of green;

Doubtless there the birds of paradise are nightingales of song,
And on airs that rival Araby's their music floats along.

O, my feet are ready sandaled, and in pilgrim garb I stand,
I hear the voice of pleading and I see the beckoning hand;

But, alas! like old Prometheus—I am bound in iron chains,
With my memory the vulture changing pleasures into pains.

And I hear, as when a child I heard, the withered beldam's voice,
As she lifted high her shriveled arms and cursed me with this curse:

From the purpling grange of pleasure you the grapes of bliss shall clasp,
But the wine of their enjoyment shall slip earthward through your grasp.

And this beldam's bitter malison is on me even now;
It coursed through every artery when she stamped it on my brow;

And its agonizing truthfulness I feel from day to day,
As, Ishmael-like, I wander o'er Saharas of decay.

In the sand whose shining mocks me with its wells and emerald slopes,
I ever read the story of the mirage of my hopes.

And the palm-trees and acacias stretching westward o'er the plain,
Whisper of the distant Elim I may never more attain.

I have told my story to the stars, and the sweet pleiades
Have said that the stars cannot reverse what moveless Fate decrees.

And the Moon? She only answered, Such the story she heard told
When Memnou's lips were vocal, in the antique times of old.

So I drift upon the current I can never hope to stem,
Every moment sweeping nearer to a fate that I contemn;

While the soft, white fingers slowly fade because of my delay,
And the low, sweet voice that called me, alas! has died away.

ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

JACK ASHORE.

It may be recollected by the reader, that some years before the notorious Monroe Edwards had fairly commenced his career of shrewd and successful swindling, he was employed by a rich but unscrupulous capitalist by the name of Hunt to purchase in the Island of Cuba a cargo of slaves, and smuggle them into the then new Republic of Texas.

Edwards was a cunning and far-seeing operator; and succeeded, without detection, in landing the negroes at the Sabine Pass, and afterwards in defrauding his employer out of the entire investment.

I was a resident of Cuba at the time, and became acquainted with Edwards while he was negotiating the purchase; and afterwards, by a singular coincidence, landed on the identical spot where he disembarked his sable cargo.

While here, a curious adventure happened to two of the sailors of the slaver. The vessel lay along the bank of the Pass for several days, while the negroes were smuggled in small gangs to the interior, where they were distributed amongst the planters, who had previously ordered them. The only persons at that time living at the Pass, were Niles F. Smith, and a Mr. Maguffin, a cattle driver—with the latter of whom the sailors had opened a correspondence, in the way of purchasing milk, vegetables, fresh meat, &c.

One day two of the sailors came to Maguffin's place, about two miles from the landing, to get their day's supply of milk. One remained at a little distance from the house while the other entered and made known his errand.

The Texian discovered with surprise that the man was covered with blood, while his clothes hung in ribbons from his back. Altogether, he showed evidences of having been rather roughly handled. Maguffin was naturally curious to learn the cause of this extraordinary appearance of the sailor; but Jack was incommunicable, and evinced no disposition to give a satisfactory account of himself. The conduct of the sailor's comrade was also extraordinary. They had frequently been to the house together, and boldly called for whatever they desired. But now the other sailor, seemingly desirous of escaping observation, seated himself beyond the cow-pen, partially screened by the high fence. The Texian went out to him, and found him in even a worse condition than the first. His clothes were stripped off of him, and he was bleeding from deep and ragged gashes on his arms, face and breast.

On being asked how it happened they were in so crippled a condition, the sailor replied—evidently enough disguising the truth—

"Oh! sir, it is nothing—only Jack and meself had a bit of an old quarrel, and we thought there was never a better time to settle the hash than out here, on the way. We've used our knives rather too freely, sir, you see, that's all."

This explanation, however, did not satisfy the Texian, whose curiosity by this time had been excited to the highest point; and he peremptorily demanded to be told the truth at once.

"Well, then, the truth is, sir," replied the sailor, finding it useless to prevaricate any longer—"the truth is, we've killed your big black dog. We're willing to pay for him, sir; but the fact is, we couldn't help it. He was about to get the weather gauge of us both, sir, and Jack and I were obliged to kill the brute, or by me soul, he would have killed us!"

"Killed my black dog!" exclaimed the Texian. "What do you mean? I don't understand you! There is no black dog on this part of the coast, that I am aware of. So, my good fellow, make yourself easy on that score. You've killed no dog of mine."

"I'm duced glad of that, sir!" answered the sailor, evidently greatly relieved; "for the fact is, we thought the bloody critter belonged to you; and we had agreed, betwixt ourselves, to say nothing about it."

The sailors thus assured, proposed to conduct Maguffin to the spot where lay the animal they had been battling with.

On the way thither, they related their adventure. They said they had passed over half the distance which lay between the vessel and his home, when a large, fierce animal, which they supposed was a dog (for Jack's knowledge of natural history is necessarily limited) sprang upon them from a clump of bushes, by which passed the trail.

They were provided with short sheath knives, such as sailors usually carry in their belts. But at first they defended themselves only with their fists, as they said they did not like to kill the dog. The creature, however, fought them with such ferocity that they were at length obliged to resort to the use of their knives, and finally succeeded in killing it.

Now, what were they to do? They had killed a valuable animal, perhaps—probably belonging to the house to which they were bound. In this dilemma they agreed to say nothing about the affair, but to keep it to themselves; and the sailor who was the most cut up was to keep out of sight of the house till his comrade had obtained the milk.

When Maguffin arrived at the spot, to which the men had conducted him, he found the ground about saturated with blood, and the marks upon the grass showed that a desperate struggle had occurred there. Within the edge of the bushes lay stretched the body of a huge, female *black panther*—one of the most powerful and ferocious of its species—known in Texas as the "*Black Tiger.*"

This creature had been prowling about the prairie for several weeks, and had committed great havoc among the pigs and young cattle of the settlers. They had frequently hunted for her, but had never encountered her.

Maguffin searched through the clump of bushes, and discovered the lair of the panther, in which was snugly nestled her young litter, consisting of four sleek little savages, whose eyes were just being opened to the light of the world. Their experiences of life, however, were few and brief, as they were despatched on the spot by the same knives that had finished their mother.

The sailors had unconsciously conferred a great favor on the settlers by killing the ferocious brute, and consequently leading to the discovery of her young. Mr. Smith, who kept a stock of clothing, and other supplies, for the lumbermen of the Sabine and Naches rivers, accordingly took them to his store, where, after washing and dressing their wounds, they were each presented with a new rig *throughout, and sent to their vessel rejoicing.*

Jack was now furnished with a good yarn, which I have no doubt he has spun many a time since to an admiring audience of messmates, gathered around the capstan.

Relating the above incident, shortly after its occurrence, to a friend living higher up on the Sabine, he narrated the following somewhat parallel adventure of his own, which he termed—

A SINGLE-HANDED FIGHT IN THE DARK.

I shall tell the story in his own words.

"I had occasion," said he, "to visit Natchitoches, on the Red river, to make arrangements for shipping to New Orleans my first crop of cotton; and had reached the Arroyo Hondo, which stream, you know, is in Louisiana, but a short distance from Fort Jessup.

"I was alone; and as the country is sparsely settled, I was obliged, when night overtook me, to camp out. It was a gloomy, winter day, and the clouds had been some time threatening rain.

"After tying my horse out to grass, with a long lariet, I kindled a fire, prepared coffee, and cooked some 'old Ned,' (bacon;) and partaking of a hearty supper, spread my blankets at the foot of a large sweet gum. But I had hardly done so when the heavy clouds began to discharge their contents, and soon extinguished my fire. Notwithstanding the rain, however, I kept to my blankets, and overcome by the fatigue of a long day's ride, soon fell asleep.

"I should think I had been asleep some hours, when I was aroused by the snorting and struggling of my horse, which appeared to be extremely alarmed, and was making desperate efforts to break away from his tether.

"I left my blankets, and catching up my pistol, approached the animal, now trembling with excessive fright. The familiar tones of my voice, as I put my hand upon him, partially quieted his fears; but still, with head and ears erect and eyes flashing fire, he stood gazing at some object, apparently crouching in a clump of thickets, close at hand.

"I moved nearer towards it, and stooping down, looked attentively in the direction. I perceived a slight motion, and the outline of some animal, which I at once supposed was nothing more than a large Newfoundland dog, a number of which I had observed about the Fort—probably attracted to my camp by the remnants of my supper.

"I snatched up a broken limb and threw it into the bushes, with the intention of frightening the animal away. Quick as thought the creature sprang upon me, with a fierce growl, and attempted to catch at my throat, but with my left hand I threw him off. But again he returned to the attack, and in the darkness fastened his fangs into the muscles of my left arm, and tearing out his hold deeply lacerated the flesh. I felt the hot blood spurt into my face, and heard it trickle like rain on the leaves at my feet.

"With a desperate effort of my lacerated arm, I clutched the throat of the furious brute, as he again sprang upon me, and putting my pistol to his ear, attempted to blow a bullet through his brain. I snapped—but the bullet refused fire—the priming had been wet by the rain.

"I then beat him upon the head till he was glad to wrench away from my relaxing grasp, and retreat to the clump of bushes.

"I now returned to my blankets, and bandaged my arm with my handkerchief as well as I was able to, in the obscurity. I had hardly done so when my horse, with a wild snort, dashed up to me, dragging the pin to which he had been secured. The frightened creature made no attempt to escape, but seemed only desirous of my protection, and stood over me trembling and cowering with excess of alarm.

"The next instant the dog, or whatever it was, made furious by the terrible mauling I had given him with my pistol, returned to the combat. The first spring he made was for the throat of my poor horse. The latter, however, received him with open jaws. He must have given him a severe bite, for the creature with a yell now turned upon me. I stood awaiting the charge with my bowie-knife—a heavy weapon, capable of inflicting fearful wounds. I received him upon its point, and had given him several thrusts, when, with a rapid motion, he caught my blade with his teeth, and wrenched it out of my hand. But he had no sooner got possession of it than, with a howl of pain, he dropped it as if it were red-hot iron, and retreated, staggering to the thicket.

"When daylight soon after made its appearance I discovered that I was covered with blood from head to foot—my own blood and that of the savage brute I had been battling with. The ground and leaves about were also plentifully colored with it. Following up a crimson trail, I traced the animal into the thickets, a little way from my camp. I entered the tangled clump, and forcing a passage through the closely woven vines, came upon the body of a large *black wolf*—an animal I have never seen except in Texas. He is one of the bravest and most ferocious of the wolf family, as was proven by our desperate struggle. His tongue, hanging by a few muscular fibres, was extended from his bloody jaws, severed by the knife he had torn from my hand. He had evidently bled to death from that last wound.

"And there," said my friend, as he pointed to a saddle, hanging in the veranda, over which was spread a beautiful, glossy, black skin, "there, sir, is the memorial of that night's fight on the Arroyo Hondo. But my overseer," continued he, "had recently a more desperate fight than either 'your sailors or myself. We will call him in from the *cotton-field,* and let him tell the story of his—

"FIGHT WITH A PANTHER."

The overseer was accordingly sent for; and a red-faced, pugnacious-looking individual made his appearance. Entering the veranda, he approached to where we were sitting, and addressing his employer, inquired:

"Well, squire, what's the word? Bill said you wanted to see me."

"Yes, Abe. The doctor here would like to hear your adventure with the panther. But, doctor, permit me to introduce you to the acquaintance of my excellent overseer, Mr. Abraham Taylor. Now take that chair, Abe, and let us hear your story."

"Well, the fact is, squire," replied the overseer, "you have made me tell that story so often that I'm gittin' kinder tired on't."

"O! never mind that, Abe; you can tell it all the better for a little practice. Besides, you know, it's certainly new to the doctor."

"Hows'ever," commenced the little man, "I've not the leastest objection in the world to tell that little circumstance over agin ef it'll 'commodate the stranger."

"The fact is, you see, doc., I live down yander, in that little cabin you sees in the edge of the timber, t'other side of the negro quarters.

"Well, 'bout three weeks ago, or sich a matter, my old woman she says to me, says she, 'I'm darned tired of chawin' dry deer-meat, I wants something juicyer; and,' says she, 'you'll jist take your gun, and go down to the bottom, and fetch home a hog.'

"So, stranger, I took my gun and sally'd out—for whatever my woman says, I finds it safest to do, without argefying. I can make the plantation hands stan' round, *some*—for they dar'nt jaw back agin;—but it's considerable different with a female. With them critters it's best to come down at onst.

"Well, as I was saying, I sally'd out, with jist my rifle, and the one charge in her—for I only wanted to get one shot. I didn't think I should have 'casion for any extra ammunition, for the hogs war mighty tame.

"When I reached the cane-brake I thought I'd go on and get a drink outen a mighty nice spring, that run inter the river; and jist as I had reached the bank, I heered a kind ov a scrapin' noise over my head; and as I looked up to see what made it—by the holy Moses!—rite up thar, on a big limb that stuck straight out from a swee'-gum, (sweet gum,) I seed two great fiery eyes starin' rite at me! I'm darned, stranger, if they didn't seem to burn rite into mine, they war so hot;—and then behind them eyes was one of the hugest painters I ever seed;—and I tell yer, I've seed some! She war a rale seven-footer, from snout to root.

"I know'd by the shake of the varmint's tail she warn't goin' to set thar long. She war fixin' to give me a call. So I jist fetched old kill-deer up, and held her betwixt them red, fiery eyes of the critter, and let drive. Well, will you believe it, doc! the infarnal varmint didn't budge an inch.

"I sorter reckoned I'd killed her, and sorter reckoned not. She lay close to that 'ar limb, but that long, furry tail of hern hung loose like a bit of moss, and kind o' swayed in the wind.

"'Well,' said I to myself, 'I'll prospect the darned thing.' So I drew out my gunstick, and inter the swee'-gum, in no time.

"I got outen on the limb, whar the critter lay, with her toe-nails a stickin' inter the bark like grim death. Thinks I, 'Old mother painter, I'll fetch yer,' and at that I give her a dig in the ribs with all my might. Marcy on me, but warn't the fat in the fire then!

"She warn't hurt a bit—only my ball had tickled her skull a little, jist under the scalp, and she'd sorter got asleep like. But that thar dig in the ribs woke the critter up. She riz rite up and wheeled upon me. The way I got down outen that swee'-gum *I* can't tell—'twas somehow dreadful quick, I reckon—but one thing I do know for sartin, that that 'ar varmint war down as soon as I war, and she lit onter me like a coon onto a corn hill; and the way, stranger, that thar critter tore me, was awful. See here," and the overseer stripped open his shirt bosom, and exposed to view his hairy breast, covered with the red and recently cicatrized gashes made by the talons of the panther. "But that don't begin with my back and hips. Well, we rolled and tussled—for I fit as well as I could, with nothing but my teeth and fists, till we both fell down the bank.

"Down thar the water war tolerably deep, and I reckoned if I only had the bloody varmint inter the water, I mought drown her. So I managed to slip a little lower down, onter the driftwood below, and as the critter made a lunge arter me, she slipped off a smooth root down betwixt some logs.

"'Now,' says I, 'Abe, is your time;' and as she souzed inter the drink, I reckon it war my turn to jump; and so I catched the critter's tail, and quicker than I could tell it I whipped it in under one log, and betwixt two others that lay close together, and getting a good brace for both feet, held on like grim death to a dead nigger.

"The painter war awful mad, I tell you; but 'twarn't no manner of use. I had her good, and held her down under the drink for more'n ten minutes. She pulled at one end of the tail and I at t'other; but then, stranger, we war both on us pulling for life, and as I vallied mine higher than hern, I pulled a little the strongest, for you see I had the advantage.

"The upshot of it all is, sir," said the overseer, rising to go, "I can show the biggest panther skin in all these parts; and now, if you will jist step over to my cabin, the old woman'll show it to you."

"But, Abe," I asked, "do you go out into the bottom now-a-days without extra ammunition?"

"No, sir-ee! I reckon I don't."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROB ROY is in love with a girl who, he says, is very beautiful, very proud, and very rich, as, when she comes of age, she will be the owner of no less than seven good farms, that are worth at least sixty-five thousand dollars. She is now about twenty years old, and owing to her pride, has got vexed with her lover, and he is afraid, unless they "make up" speedily, he shall lose the farms. He says she has treated him very badly, but still he is willing to overlook it all, and be the first to offer terms of peace, if he can do so in some dignified way that will not be degrading to his feelings. The fair farmer has an album, and he thinks if he could "write a verse in that which would tickle her fancy, and be a sort of apology, it would do the business, as she is mortal vain of her album," and he wants us to tell him "how to write the verse." We have never had much practice in such matters, and are not skillful therein, else we would be glad to oblige our correspondent. As the seven farms are what he seems to be after, perhaps something like this would be appropriate, namely—

Thou art so strong in loveliness,
So bright with beauty's arms,
Thy haughty coldness is not less
Than thy resplendent charms;
And I will everything forgive,
Considering your farms.

MISS E.—There is no accounting for tastes. Your lover is perhaps only teasing, when he says he prefers thick lips in girls to thin ones. It may be, however, that as he has been a whaling voyage, he has acquired a fondness for "blubber" which extends even to the lip, and hence his preference for thick or blubber-lips, as they are sometimes called. Poor Mungo Park, after having turned many African women sick by the straightness of his nose and the thinness of his lips, and frightened others into fits by his unnatural whiteness, was once assured by a friendly woolly-headed gentleman, that though he could not look upon him without an involuntary feeling of disgust, he only felt the more compassion for his misfortune; and upon another occasion he overheard a jury of half-naked, ebony matrons debating whether a female could be found in any country to kiss such emaciated, frightful lips. So, you see, your lover is not altogether singular in his taste.

NEPTUNE.—Although we do not agree with you, we do not care to enter into an argument to show that angling, *as a mere amusement,* is not to be justified. We will, for the sake of human nature, suppose that no one will ever attempt to justify it. He who can find *amusement* in keeping one animal in lingering torments, in order to compass the death of another animal, on which he wantonly inflicts pain and death, would either stare in blank amazement at the man who should argue against such a proceeding, or laugh in his face, and turn away to put another worm on his hook and proceed in his sport. And if, when he returned home at the end of it, he should find his little boy sticking a fly with a pin, he would, perhaps, be very angry with him, and punish him for being "*so cruel.*"

PENSACOLA.—You no doubt believe you are the generous, conscientious man you claim to be, but you make a great mistake in assuming, first, that you are a perfectly upright and liberal man, and then, secondly, that because you have done a certain thing, it must necessarily have been an honest and generous action. That sort of reasoning will not do. Instead of judging of your actions by your self-assumed character, you should judge your character by your actions. If you have done what all your friends, and the community in general, pronounce to be an unfair and illiberal thing, the chances are ten to one that your friends and the community are right. The truth is, no man is capable of judging as to the fairness, honesty or liberality of his acts that are committed in a state of contention.

F. G.—We never sell back numbers of the LEDGER for less than four cents a copy. Back numbers in reality cost us more than current numbers, as it is very troublesome to print a small edition, as we have to do when we run out of back numbers. The back numbers which we have on hand are not old numbers that we have been unable to sell, or, to use a trade phrase, that we have been "stuck" on, but are printed from time to time as we need them for the accommodation of our subscribers, who may desire to make their files perfect by replacing lost numbers.

S. N.—As you asked the young lady to sit for her daguerreotype that you might have her miniature, you should have paid the daguerreotypist when you took the picture away. No wonder the young lady felt annoyed at being dunned for the price of the daguerreotype. The only way to get out of the scrape is to confess your carelessness in not paying for the miniature, and make a suitable apology to the young lady. The most manly frankness is the best remedy for all such entanglements.

CURIOSITY.—We do not give information concerning our contributors, or the names of anonymous writers for the LEDGER. Many eminent persons, who delight in writing for a popular publication, and whose contributions are of a superior character, could not be hired to put pen to paper were they not assured that their names should never be divulged.

V. V.—Your uncle has no right to "order you about," &c., but you would probably lose nothing by treating him with the respect due to his years.

CRITIC.—Your criticisms of Sir Walter Scott's prose writings are altogether thrown away. His place in literature is permanently fixed, and we think it is fairly fixed, also. He is not accounted a great novelist, but he is acknowledged to be the prince of story-tellers. He is also a polished and brilliant writer. His memory was a magazine of the choicest legends, ballads, anecdotes, and waifs of all kinds, which his brilliant and fervent imagination, his glowing sympathies, his rich fund of humor, and his elegant and copious diction, enabled him to pour forth with a beauty, a pathos, and a humorousness which were perfectly irresistible, whether done off-hand in conversation or more deliberately in writing. The celebrated Basil Hall says that, while on a visit to Scott, he (Scott) used to tell about fifty new anecdotes and stories every morning before breakfast, a hundred and fifty before dinner, and two hundred before bedtime. In fact, his anecdotical and legendary material was perfectly inexhaustible, as, when the pond of his memory ran low, he could at once turn on the stream of invention, and make, off-hand, any number of as good and telling anecdotes as any one would wish to hear.

A. B. C.—It is not probable that any harm has been done your little daughter by not sending her to school during the first seven years of her life, but henceforth she should be kept steadily at her books, though not overcrowded with studies. Three hours a day should be the limit. An eminent philosopher and physician has said, "The first seven years of life should be devoted to growth and play; the second seven years to growth and play, tempered with moderate yet *regular* study and labor; and the third seven years should be devoted to the mastery of one's trade or profession for life, relieved with such reading as will best fit one for the position he is to occupy, and be most useful to him in his business." This is a very good general theory of education, and if skillfully carried out, with such modifications as individual qualities and circumstances shall demand, would no doubt make healthful and accommplished young men and women.

I. I. I.—You say you are "affianced" to the young lady, and also ask if, considering the fact that she seems to like you very well, you had better "propose" to her. You have made a mistake, or else do not know the meaning of the terms you have used. "Affianced" means betrothed, plighted in marriage, engaged; and if you are already engaged to be married to the young lady, we do not see any good reason why you should "propose" to her. It may be that your and the young lady's parents did the "affiancing," without consulting you and her, and that you wish to know if it would be politic in you to "propose" to her a ratification of their agreement. If that be what you mean, we answer yes; propose a ratification of the old people's agreement, and if the young lady should object to it, you and she can agree to release each other from the bonds imposed upon both of you without the consent of either.

VIVIAN.—Those members of your debating society who maintain that "The British troops are overstocked with cruelty and deficient in courage," must have read history (if they have ever read it at all) to very poor purpose. No braver soldiers than the British ever withstood the shock of battle, and so far as we know they are no more cruel than the French, or any other European troops. War is not a very tender pastime; and men who have spent the vigor of their manhood in the camp cannot be expected to look at a gun-shot wound, a saber stroke, or the loss of an arm, leg or head, as a very serious matter. And yet many a battle has not been so productive of suffering as one "railroad collision" or "steamboat disaster."

AMBITION.—The Secretary of War means just what he says in his communication to the LEDGER, published in the number of March 14th, 1857, concerning the Military Academy at West Point. When he says the "canditate must be over sixteen years of age, *at the time of entrance* into the Academy," he means just that, and nothing more or less. As the time of entrance for next year will be in June, and as you will be sixteen in the May preceding, of course you will be eligible so far as age is concerned, although, if you cannot understand the Secretary's statement, you may be rejected on the ground of mental incapacity. On graduating from the Military Academy, the cadets have to enter the U. S. Army, whether they wish to do so or not.

O. O. O.—Don't cry. He will come back. He is only trying the strength of your temper and your affection. Men (and women too, for that matter) often act foolishly when they are over their ears in love. It is impossible that such an excellent man as you describe your lover to be could seriously intend to break off an engagement because the object of his affections very properly obeyed a command of her mother's in a matter in which he was not at all concerned, and which to him was not, and is not, and never can be, of the slightest consequence. If he be capable of doing such an unjust and foolish thing, you should congratulate yourself on having escaped a union for life with him.

UNION SQUARE.—Your country cousins had good reason to be offended. Like all country girls they are doubtless very warm-hearted and affectionate, and supposed you would be as glad to see them at your house as they have always been to see you at theirs. Your formal and polite reception of them, and your leaving them to mope alone in your great parlors, the first evening of their arrival, while you went to a party, was enough to pain, offend, and even disgust almost any relative and guest whether from the country or the city. If you are not willing your country cousins should visit you, you should not visit them, and impose on their goodnature and generous hospitality.

MUNCHAUSEN.—We do not believe in ghosts. No amount of attestation, by the most respectable people, could make us believe in them. We would believe that the declarants *thought* they saw the apparitions, but nothing more. Your story is utterly absurd. You saw no ghost. It was probably the white window curtain flapping in the breeze. When we see the City Hall raise itself say one hundred feet in the air, and pass over the Hudson, and settle down on Hoboken hights, we will take the matter of believing in ghosts into serious consideration, and not before.

GOVERNOR.—You are too harsh in your censures upon the governor who refused to pardon your friend who is under sentence of death. A high officer of the government must act, in such cases, with the utmost caution, and without reference to his own private feelings or the feelings of friends and relatives of the condemned. He must be guided solely by considerations of the public good. It is natural, however, for you to feel as you do; and we hope that, on reflection, you will perceive that it is as unreasonable as it is natural.

DISCARDED.—Why do you wish to keep the young lady's letters? They can do you no good, and you should be above doing aught for the petty purpose of spiting a girl whose only offense consists in loving somebody else better than she loves you. Return all her letters, and in other respects act in such a manner as will show her that you are at least worthy of her affection, although you had not the good fortune to win it.

U. S.—It would be well for you to do your best towards conciliating the old gentleman, as you have determined to marry his daughter. This butting of one's lover head against the wall of a papa's obstinacy, which seems so romantic before marriage, becomes a most terrible bore and annoyance by the time the grandchildren have arrived at hanging-up-Christmas-stocking age.

EQUITY wants to know if a married couple, citizens of Canada, and married in the British dominions, could get a divorce, on the ground of "incompatibility," in any of the United States. They could not do it without residing a couple of years in this country, and in the State in which the application should be made. Ohio, Indiana or Illinois would be a good State to "move to" for such a purpose.

H. B. T.—As you are amply able to support a wife, and you and the young lady, and the parents on both sides, are pleased with the match, we see no reason why you should not get married at once, unless it be that you are rather young for such an important venture. Should you travel a couple of years before marrying, your after life might be far happier.

H. B., JR.—As the lady knows the address of your friend, and is on good terms with him, it would not be improper for you to send a letter for him to her with a request that she would address it. Your note to her should be formal and brief, and contain only what is necessary to state your request and the reason why it is made.

DOCTOR.—No matter whether you ordered the work done or not. As you saw the workmen doing it, and understood from them that they supposed you had ordered it done, and permitted them to go on under that impression and complete the job, you will have to pay for it, as you should.

T. H. R.—Your stories are fairly written, but there is hardly *substance* and *solidity* enough in the matter and style. These will probably come with practise. We do not wish for voluntary or involuntary contributions beyond what we have already contracted for.

X. X. X.—We cannot say whether or not it is wrong for you to drink beer. You must decide that matter for yourself. If you are not laying up money against "a rainy day," you should avoid indulgences of all kinds.

X. INCOGNITA.—You can hold the property which has been settled on you, whether your husband live or die. If you wish to have it descend to any particular person or persons, you must make a will to that effect.

A. R.—We do not know how the bird lime, with which bird-catchers in Europe catch birds, is made. Perhaps some of our correspondents will send us a recipe for making it; if so, we will publish it.

1858.—It is unsafe to hazard an opinion as to the future performances of the Atlantic Telegraph. We should all be patient with the conductors of the enterprize, refrain from faultfinding, and hope for the best.

XANTIPPE.—You can never make your husband better by scolding at him.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*